PHOTOPLAY

August 15¢

Shirley's Baby!

he lullaby story

f the year by

Ouella O. Parsons



Shirley Temple
and
Linda Susan

MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
9P 2/50 3Y R 79138

Thrilling...

MRS. JAMES E. AURELL
the former Jolyne Holton of Port Arthur, Texas
bridal portrait painted by Alex Ross

Your skin grows lovelier . with your First Cake of Camay!

THE AURELLS—THEIR STORY



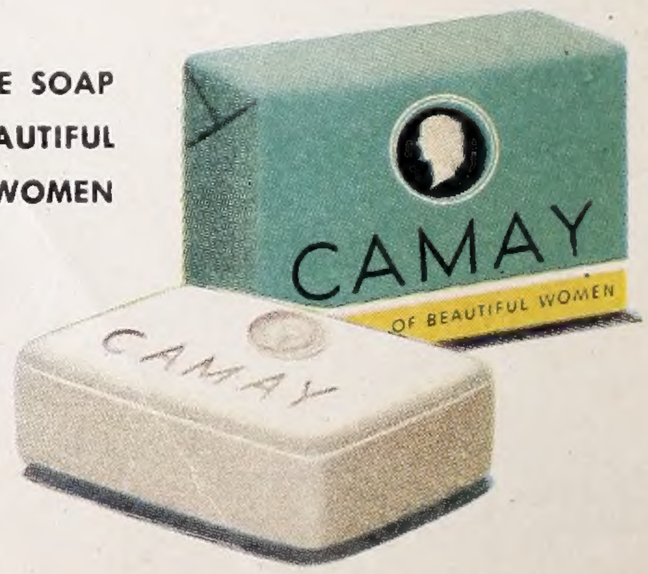
The Aurells came back to the bride's home in Texas to be wed. Jolyne's skin is smooth and fresh. She says—"My *first cake* of Camay brought my skin a lovelier look!"



Sunny skies smiled on the Aurells' honeymoon in Acapulco, Mexico. And the forecast for Jolyne's complexion is "fair and clearer," too. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Lovely skin—lovely girl! And your skin can be softer, smoother with your *first cake* of Camay—if you'll do this! Give up careless cleansing! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. And nearly every one of those women gained a lovelier skin with *one cake* of Camay. The wrapper tells you how to be lovelier!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN





But will you be showered with **attention**, *Sugar?*

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—
stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a **safety-first girl** *with* **Mum**

Product of Bristol-Myers

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

P

1

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 36 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL EVER MADE IS

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ROBERT ALTON

Directed by
CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by
ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, star of "Sleep, My Love"

DEAR Miss Colbert:

My husband is a man of great artistic talent. He specializes in surrealist art. As you know, few people ever buy these paintings even when they are good. I work as a waitress in order to support him and our two children. My husband is supposed to look after the children when I am working but he is so wrapped up in his work that the children are allowed to run rampant. My friends are beginning to talk. One friend told me frankly that she thought I had married a good-for-nothing loafer. I have suggested and even pleaded that my husband get a job and paint in his spare time. His answer is that he is too sensitive for manual labor.

I love my husband, but I feel that our home and our children need me and that he should temper his artistic inclinations with some consideration for us.

Jane B.

The opinion of one's friends and neighbors should never be taken into consideration when one has a serious domestic problem to solve. However, I think you are entirely right in your desire to remain at home and in your attempt to get your husband to be the breadwinner. Certainly, he should find a paying position. But just as certainly he should not give up his painting. Many professionl men paint in their spare time. Actually, by getting away from his painting for hours each day, by taking his place in the workaday world among other men, by regaining the self-respect he has obviously lost because of your present domestic arrangement your husband will undoubtedly paint better* in his spare time *than he has ever painted before.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I had the misfortune to marry a man who turned out to be dishonest. After he was sentenced to prison, I got a divorce.

I am twenty-one and have a son two years old. I am living with my father. I want to move to Chicago, secure a job, and put the baby in a day nursery. My father is in a position to take care of me and my son and feels that I would be wrong to go to work and leave the baby with strangers. He feels the baby would get better care if we remained right here. Furthermore, he says that I am wrong to consider remarriage as it might jeopardize my son's welfare.

I'm not interested in any man at present, but I can't speak for the future. I feel that if I center my life around my son he will grow up spoiled, self-centered and selfish. When he is a grown man, I will only be in my early forties with nothing to look forward to but loneliness. He will want to live his own life, and I shouldn't feel that I was doing my duty by staying with him as a doting mother. Am I completely wrong?

Babette L.

No, you aren't completely wrong. You are simply too young to accept the responsibilities of motherhood without rebellion, particularly since you must accept the challenge alone, without the aid of the father of your baby.

First of all, you should thank heaven for your father. He has reared his family, yet he is willing to care for your son and you in his advanced years. He is right about the care due your son.

Certainly you should remain where you are, giving your boy the best possible start in life. When he is seven or eight and in school, he will be old enough to be left with your father for long periods of time if you still want to strike out for yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of fourteen, and an only child. My parents are very strict and will not permit me to leave the house after six p.m. unless one or both of them accompany me. I must come straight home from school and if I disobey, a violent quarrel and punishment follow. I have a terrible lisp, so my parents insist they are saving me a lot of hurt and unhappiness by not allowing me to make friends or attend parties. They say that, because of my lisp, people would make fun of me. I can't spend the rest of my life in a corner simply because I was born with faulty speech, but how can I make my parents see this?

Alice Ann O.

You are quite right: You should not let your speech problem ruin your life.

Actually, I believe a psychiatrist would suspect that your speech problem, if not caused by some physical situation, was the fault of early training. There is a possibility that your mother, or both your parents, sought subconsciously to keep you a baby forever.

Because you are still so very young, you must obey your parents' edict about going out at night. However, during your school hours there is no reason why you can't make dozens of friends. Also, I believe that you should go to your speech teacher and discuss your problem frankly, asking her to give you special aid at least one day a week after school hours. Have this teacher explain to your parents why you may be a bit late one or two nights a week.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now nineteen. Of all the boys I have ever gone with there wasn't one I couldn't have just by curling my little finger. Two years ago I met a young man with whom I fell deeply in love. He was aloof at first and had the attitude that *he* was the boss, not I. When he called for a date he didn't ask me what I would like to do; he told me what he had planned and asked if I wanted to go along with him. Strange to say, I liked being made to feel that he was the boss. I suppose you might say it gave me a sense of security.

We are now engaged and I have set our wedding date for this fall. Now that everything is set between us, my fiancé has grown just like the other boys I have known. He caters to me, goes out of his way to please me, and I sometimes treat him shamefully.

I'm terribly unhappy about it. I want my husband to be forceful, very much the head of the household. Do you think I should break my engagement?

Elizabeth J.

If I were you I wouldn't do anything drastic. I rather think that this boy's behavior is quite as natural as yours is. At first he indicated to you his basic character which appears to be self-reliant and inclined to leadership. Then, as he became interested in you, he began to make an effort to please you. Even now, while you are "treating him shamefully" he may be saying to himself, "When we are married, young lady, we will have no

(*Continued on page 6*)

Here comes the bridesmaid.... There lurk the wolves Now starts something....

More romantic than a honeymoon!



She's a different, delightful, captivating Betty —singing, dancing and romancing — in Elmer Rice's fabulously funny Broadway stage hit!

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with

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A Mitchell LEISEN Production

Produced by P. J. WOLFSON
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN



You'll Hear The Critics "Hurrah!" for Betty Hutton in this *different*, new hit! See if you don't say: "Wonderful! She's an actress we've never really seen before!"



Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

ASK FOR DeLong Everytime

What Should I Do

(Continued from page 4)

more of that in our household." Men frequently, even in the throes of adoration, plan comprehensive changes in the girl who is about to become a wife. This is certainly no secret.

However, may I warn you of this: The best marriages are those in which man and woman are equal partners. Although you yearn to be dominated now, the time will come—if you are an intelligent woman, and I think you are—when you will want to express your own opinions, supervise your household accounts and take your place as a useful member of society without asking permission of anyone.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

When I went into the Army, my girl promised to marry me as soon as I had served my hitch. I will be out of uniform in four more months, but while I was away from home my mother and father secured a divorce. This leaves my mother at home with my two younger brothers and my sister. In every letter she writes, my mother tells me how she needs me to help bring up the kids. She also needs my pay check as my father sometimes lets the alimony get behind.

This really puts me on the spot. I can't support a wife, a mother, myself and three children at once. I am very fond of my mother and the kids, so I feel that I have an obligation to them. On the other hand I don't want to lose this girl. She is so wonderful, some other guy is going to place that old ring on her finger if I don't.

How does it look to you, Miss Colbert?

PFC Enzel H.

First of all I don't think you should try to solve this entire problem the instant you reach home, or even within a month or two afterward. At twenty-one you should consider at length before marrying. If this girl really loves you, and if she has the counsel of wise parents, she will be glad to wait.

You didn't tell me how old your younger brothers were, but I presume that they are in grade school or even high school. Each of the boys should be encouraged to take paper routes or to aid family finances by securing work of some kind. If it is at all possible, I think you should have a friendly chat with your father in an attempt to get him to give regular aid, no matter how small, to the family.

See that family finances are placed on a sound basis, get work, get settled, adjust yourself and then plan your marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and ever since I was allowed to begin dating last year I have been bitterly disappointed with myself.

People tell me I am nice looking but I don't make a hit with boys. At my first dance I was asked to dance only once, after I had sat on the sidelines for hours, trying to smile, and look gay and excited until I thought my face was going to crack. When one boy asked me to dance I was so animated that I think I confused him.

I hardly believe I can make a change at the school I now attend for most of the kids have me "typed." The girls know I don't date, so they have stopped inviting me to their parties. However, I plan to go to college in the fall. I want desperately to turn over a new leaf. At college, most of the kids I will meet will be away from home too, and eager to make new friends. Can you help me?

Jean S.

If it will comfort you I would like to confess that I, too, was a failure at one of my very first dancing parties. It happens to every girl at some time.

At college you will be able to make a new start. Before you leave, I might suggest that you get a new hair style. It's always a good lifter-upper. When you buy your wardrobe for college, be most careful in choosing so that it really enhances all of your good points. College will offer many solutions to your problems if you will enter the drama club, the glee club, or any athletic club that will interest you. You will find that the other members of these classes share your common interests. Conversationally, things will be much easier when you share a common interest with other people.

If you will honestly try this, I think your problem will be solved.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I don't seem to have any trouble attracting boys, but after going with a boy two weeks or six weeks, two months or six months, he gradually drifts away. Some of the girls I know go steady for an entire school year, and two or three are secretly engaged.

I just feel like "Nightmare Alice" when I go to a party and see my last week's beau there with another girl, acting as if he were having the time of his life. I'd like to have you come right out with it and tell me whether you think I'm ever going to be one-half of a really big love affair.

Patella C.

I will be glad to "come right out with it and tell" you that I have no doubt that one day you'll march down the aisle to the strains of "Lohengrin's Wedding March."

Most girls who see many motion pictures think of the developments of their own lives at least subconsciously, in movie terms. However, between actual existence and a movie drama there is at least one major difference: A movie must pick up one exciting incident and build a story around it.

It is perfectly normal for the average girl or boy to have dates with a great many persons before settling with one. For a number of years to come, you will meet and know many boys and girls. Tying yourself down to one at your age is limiting your opportunities of making many true friends.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Pleasure beyond measure! Warner Bros. cruisin'

carousin' Caribbean Carnival in color by Technicolor!



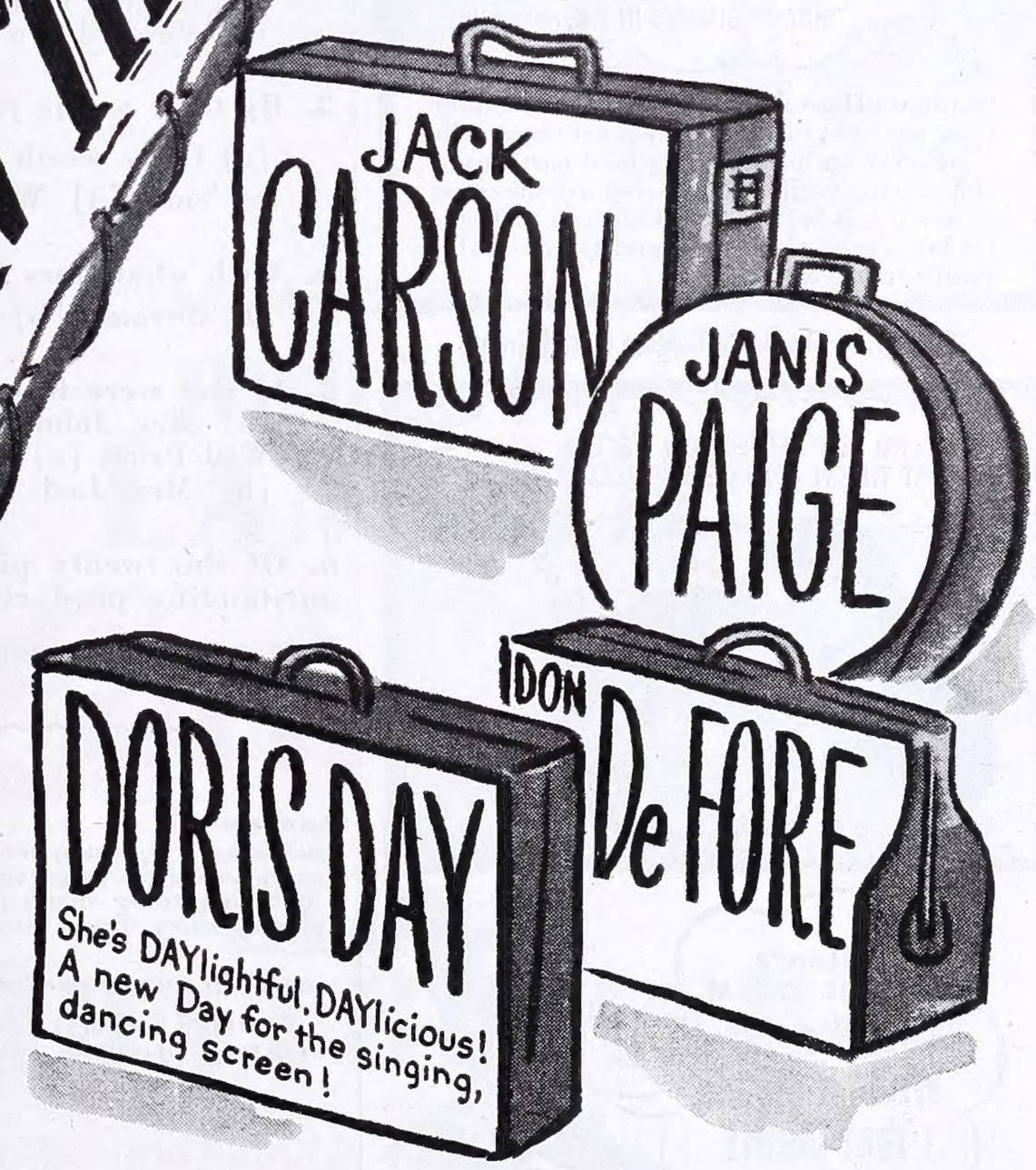
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ROMANCE ON THE

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All new and every one a hit-parader!

"IT'S YOU OR NO ONE"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"PUT 'EM IN A BOX"
"I'M IN LOVE"
"RUN, RUN, RUN"
"THE TOURIST TRADE"



WITH
OSCAR LEVANT · S. Z. SAKALL · FORTUNIO BONANOVA
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB · A MICHAEL CURTIZ PROD'N
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond
A WARNER BROS. PICTURES RELEASE



"Colgate Dental Cream's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*

"Let's Talk Hollywood" QUIZ

BY GEORGE MURPHY

Master of Ceremonies on the radio program, "Let's Talk Hollywood"

Here's a wonderful new Hollywood guessing game. It's fun at parties, but you can play it by yourself too. Just dig back into your movie memory and find out how you score.

You're a Mastermind if you make from 90 to 100; 70 to 90, a Lessermind; 50 to 70, a Popcornalic; 30 to 50, a Sleepyhead. If you can't beat a score of 30, give up. You're hopeless!

1. For every lad there's a lass. And in the movies, at least, they meet. Who met whom under these circumstances and in what picture?

[a] The college football captain comes to the library for a French book—and finds a mighty pert librarian.

[b] The captain attends an auction, sees her and buys her.

[c] An American phonograph salesman goes to Europe with his dog and encounters a beautiful titled lady. He sings his way into her heart.

[d] She's betrothed to the fat, middle-aged mayor of the town, dreams of *Macoco* the famous pirate, and falls in love with a strolling player.

[e] She's an Army Nurse and he's an Army Surgeon who is happily married—until they meet in Europe during the war.

[f] She prepares a bed on the floor for a would-be President of the United States.

2. These thumbnail biographical sketches are like labels for the stars they describe. Who are they?

[a] All it took was three minutes in a picture for him to cinch himself a post-war job as a star. Between the three minutes and stardom, he did his hitch in the Navy.

[b] She came to Hollywood as an understudy in a Shakespearean production, stepped into the starring role in the movie version of the same play. An immediate hit, she remained Hollywood's No. 1 bachelor girl until last year.

[c] She was discovered, brought to Hollywood and sent back to Texas because she was too young. A year later she came back, married the cameraman who photographed her in her first picture. Last year she played a notable woman of amours.

[d] He hasn't made a picture in Hollywood yet. He is kinder to his big collection of cats than he is to Hollywood.

[e] He first came to America as a member of an acrobatic troupe. On another trip he was elevated to a stilt-walker on Coney Island. He's been a top star for many years now.

3. By their words you'll know them:

[a] Come weeth me to ze Casbah. [b] I tank I go home now. [c] I've got a millyun of 'em! [d] Woo! Woo!

4. With what stars do you associate these articles of clothing?

[a] Sweater. [b] Sarong. [c] Hour-glass corset. [d] Tights.

5. If you were introduced to these ladies, would you recognize them?

[a] Mrs. John Agar. [b] Mrs. Oleg Cassini. [c] Mrs. Peverell Marley. [d] Mrs. Will Price. [e] Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. [f] Mrs. Tom Lewis. [g] Mrs. Francis Griffin. [h] Mrs. Joel Pressman. [i] Mrs. Niven Busch. [j] Mrs. William Ross Howard

6. Of the twenty pictures which carry the proud label of Academy Award for the outstanding production of their year, can you name five?

Now count your points, but honestly!

Answers:

1. For every one of these you got right tally 5 points:

[a] *June Allyson and Peter Lawford in "Good News."* [b] *Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in "Unconquered."* [c] *Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine in "Emperor Waltz."* [d] *Judy Garland and Gene Kelly in "The Pirate."* [e] *Lana Turner and Clark Gable in "Homecoming."* [f] *Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in "State of the Union."*

2. Count 4 points each for every correct one:

[a] *Guy Madison.* [b] *Olivia de Havilland.* [c] *Linda Darnell.* [d] *James Mason.* [e] *Cary Grant.*

3. Again, give yourself 5 points for each correct answer:

[a] *Charles Boyer.* [b] *Greta Garbo.* [c] *Jimmy Durante.* [d] *Hugh Herbert.*

4. All of these must be right if you're to score 10 points.

[a] *Lana Turner.* [b] *Dorothy Lamour.* [c] *Mae West.* [d] *Betty Grable.*

5. Here you get 1 point for each correct answer:

[a] *Shirley Temple.* [b] *Gene Tierney.* [c] *Linda Darnell.* [d] *Maureen O'Hara.* [e] *Ingrid Bergman.* [f] *Loretta Young.* [g] *Irene Dunne.* [h] *Claudette Colbert.* [i] *Theresa Wright.* [j] *Dorothy Lamour.*

6. If you can remember 5 of these you score 10 points—after that, you're showing off, and it doesn't count.

Wings, Broadway Melody, All Quiet on the Western Front, Cimarron, Grand Hotel, Cavalcade, It Happened One Night, Mutiny on the Bounty, The Great Ziegfeld, The Life of Emile Zola, You Can't Take It with You, Gone with the Wind, Rebecca, How Green Was My Valley, Mrs. Miniver, Casablanca, Going My Way, Lost Weekend, The Best Years of Our Lives and Gentleman's Agreement.

Men
called it
"Lulu Belle
fever"...



"...doesn't
your
sweetheart
ever kiss
you
like
that?"



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR

as **Lulu Belle**

co-starring

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

with

Albert DEKKER • Otto KRUGER • Glenda FARRELL • Greg McCLURE

Screenplay by Everett Freeman • Additional Dialogue by Karl Kamb

Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco

Directed by LESLIE FENTON

A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION

COLUMBIA PICTURES



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FASHION FRAME

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$1.00 $1.50

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Country Club Sportsman



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- helps to give silky curls and ringlets
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"Quilting" keeps *this* tampon from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size — which could cause pressure, irritation. *Only Fibs* are *quilted* — for your comfort!

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This special feature helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate membranes. *Only Fibs* are *quilted* — for your safety!

ROUNDED ENDS

You'll say "At last — a tampon that's *easy to use!*" Because of all leading tampons, *only Fibs* have gently rounded ends to make insertion comfortable, easy.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Jack Carson fulfilled an old dream on the sawdust trail



BIG TOP

Clown for a night, he found great hearts behind their white faces and shocks of red hair

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

WHETHER you're in Hoboken or Hollywood it's a big day when the circus comes to town. It was a particularly big day in the life of Jack Carson. Jack, you see, had always wanted to be a star of the sawdust—a circus clown. So, when the Clyde Beatty circus came to Hollywood, a friend who knew of the secret ambition arranged it. "You're in. Or rather, you're on," he said to Jack. "Tonight you are 'Carson the Clown.'"

The acrobats bounced into their nets. Jack, in white face make-up, a large putty nose and a red heart-shaped mouth, shuffled out with the other clowns. He waved back to the children who squealed and laughed as they went by.

"Give Jack the watery watermelon," one said. The crowd resounded with laughter when water spurted from the melon as the heart-shaped mouth bit into it. For an hour he stayed with the others on the "walk-around." Clowns fell on their funny faces and somersaulted into the sawdust. Jack was touched at the warm camaraderie—the way they were all pitching in, pulling for him—the great hearts behind the wild mouths, white faces and shocks of red hair.

At the climax of the circus Jack was to be made known to the audience as a motion-picture star. Drums rolled. The announcer said: "Ladeees and Gentlemen —I present none other than Jack Carson, the one, the only, the famous motion-picture star." The big top rang with the crowd's applause. Jack took off his hat and putty nose and waved at them. Then he turned and bowed to the white faces behind him. And as he saluted the stars of the sawdust, he hoped that they too heard the disappointed voice from the front row. It belonged to a four-year-old in a cowboy suit. "Aw," he said. "I thought he was a real clown."

A rebroadcast from the Photoplay radio program, Hollywood Headlines



IF YOU'RE UNDER 21

(or over)

and like to play house, see MR. BLANDINGS & HIS DREAM HOUSE (some people call it his love nest . . . others, "the funniest picture of the year")

DORE SCHARY presents

CARY GRANT · MYRNA LOY · MELVYN DOUGLAS

IN

"MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"

Produced and Written for the Screen by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank • Directed by H. C. Potter • An RKO Radio Production • A Selznick Release

FANS: Send 25 cents to Selznick Studios, Culver City, California, for a 64-page copy of Close-up Magazine devoted to "Mr. Blandings and his Dream House."

P



Kids in the cast of "The Unafraid" learn some fancy handstands from ex-circus performer Burt Lancaster while on location

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip Of Hollywood



Fair exchange: Joan Caulfield had to make sure this was Olga San Juan, who has gone brunette again

Hear Cal York on "Hollywood Headlines"—Saturday mornings on ABC—10:30 ET; 9:30 CT; 11:30 MT; 10:30 PT.



Wanda Hendrix, John Lund entertain Photoplay's Editor Adele Fletcher at Paramount commissary

Things Enjoyed: A transatlantic telephone call from Lana and Bob Topping, their voices radiating happiness . . . Dinner at the Errol Flynn menage with everyone packing like mad for their trip to New York and Jamaica. And the invitation from Errol and Nora to join them in Denver for the premiere of Errol's new film "Silver River" . . . The charming voice of Tyrone Power over the phone inviting Cal to dinner before Tyrone leaves for Europe . . . An invitation from Jean Sablon to visit his rancho near Sao Paulo, Brazil . . . Chatting with June Haver who is so happy over her Marilyn Miller role in "Silver Lining" despite the fact she suffered a constant cold.

Amazing Bette: "Bette Davis at Slapsy Maxies! I don't believe it," Hollywood said. But Bette and husband William Sherry were indeed patrons of the nightspot where the popular Cole dancers were performing. Bette had as her guests Photoplay's editor, Adele Fletcher, and fashion editor, Peggy Thorndike.

"Now acting should be as exciting as that dancing," Bette said, "and as thrilling to watch."

Later, when the monologist and comic Jackie Miles was introduced to Bette, he noticed her baby's picture engraved on the gold charm attached to her bracelet. Excitedly he sent home for the picture of his own baby and the two exchanged "ohs" and "ahs" over their children.

A Line Or Two: Ray Milland calls his boat "Free Soul." Only it's printed in French, real classy like . . . The topic of conversation today: Is there a Hope-Crosby feud or isn't there? Opinion is that there is none, or else it lies buried deep beneath a lot of surface clowning . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor after nine years of happy marriage admit their formula is a simple one; each indulges in his own hobbies and pleasures with no interference. Bob goes flying, hunting, fishing. Barbara stays home and reads, a book a day . . . The newest fad to sweep town is sculpting with Mrs. Ronald Colman and Mrs. Ray Milland among the town's best . . . Gordon MacRae claims no one can ever accuse him of going Hollywood; he started that way with swimming pool, tennis court and all. Now if he can stay on top, he'll be Hollywood happy.

Surprise note at Slapsie Maxie's was Bette Davis, who rarely frequents night spots. She and husband William Grant Sherry hosted Photoplay editors



A romantic rowboat ride on the lake ended in an unexpected swim for Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon on set of "Julia Misbehaves"



INSIDE STUFF



Babes at bat: William Bendix, starring in life story of the home-run king, will wear a specially prepared rubber replica of Babe Ruth's famous nose



Petite Sonja Henie and her newest leading man, Michael Kirby, make luncheon at the Universal Studios commissary a light-hearted affair



Olivia de Havilland gives vivid expression to tense role in her picture "The Snake Pit"

Words and Music: It was our lucky day, for the "Words and Music" set was alive with actors, all emoting at once. Mickey Rooney puffing a cigar (or was it vice versa?) stood in the living room of the set, greeting Perry Como, Betty Garrett and Cyd Charisse, while Tom Drake sat at the piano. Mickey, of course, is playing the late Larry Hart who wrote the words to Richard Rodger's music.

Como, to our notion, is the handsomest of all the singers who have big-timed their way into movies. A year or two ago Como was lost in the Twentieth Century-Fox shuffle but after his radio "Supper Club" show, Como is back in hit time.

Joan and Greg: One never knows what's deep in another's heart but after seeing Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer together, Cal wonders if there can be room for another in either heart. They seem to have reached the impasse of not being able to live with or without each other. A few days after a columnist announced Joan had vowed never to see or talk with Greg again, Cal spotted the couple at the Beachcombers, deep in an absorbing conversation. With arms entwined like a pair of school kids they left the restaurant, their faces aglow with happiness.

So Cal wonders, after so many misunderstandings and reconciliations, if this isn't real love.

Party News: Cal took his old friend Jean Sablon to the Chester Morris party given in honor of Roland Young. A host of Roland's pals turned out to greet the actor and his charming new wife.

In the hallway, Frank Morgan, Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney held forth with Morgan's laughter shattering the conversation in both den and living room. We chatted briefly with Ronald Colman who is traveling to England with his lovely Benita. And Ronnie's old radio friend, Jack Benny, told Cal of his miserable and mysterious allergy (we hope it isn't to microphones). Mrs. David Niven is dashingly pretty and David seems mighty proud of her. Dennis O'Keefe and directors Elliott Nugent and Peter Godfrey talked shop. But the oddest sight of all, to Cal, was the presence in one room of three Mrs. Herbert Marshalls; namely, Edna Best (now (*Continued on page* 16)

How to get the most out of your Vacation



Here is Ruth, rarin' to get up to the Cape for that gorgeous two weeks she's dreamed about all year. The wonderful boys she'll meet . . . the gay times she'll have . . . the sea, the sun, and the moonlight.

But it isn't going to be that way!

Of course she'll meet attractive men . . . but they'll have little time for her. Of course she'll sun herself and decorate the beach . . . but most of the time it will be *alone.* And she won't know why!*

Like many another girl, Ruth, without realizing it, is guilty of bad breath *(halitosis) now and then. And when that happens . . . it's often bye-bye friendships . . . bye-bye romance!

When you're out to make the most of yourself isn't it just common sense to be extra careful about offending others? It's so easy when you have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your vacation kit. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before any date. Almost at once it leaves the breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. No wonder a lot of smart people make it part of their "passport to popularity."

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is a pretty wonderful first aid, too, when it comes to cases of minor skin infection, and insect bites and stings.

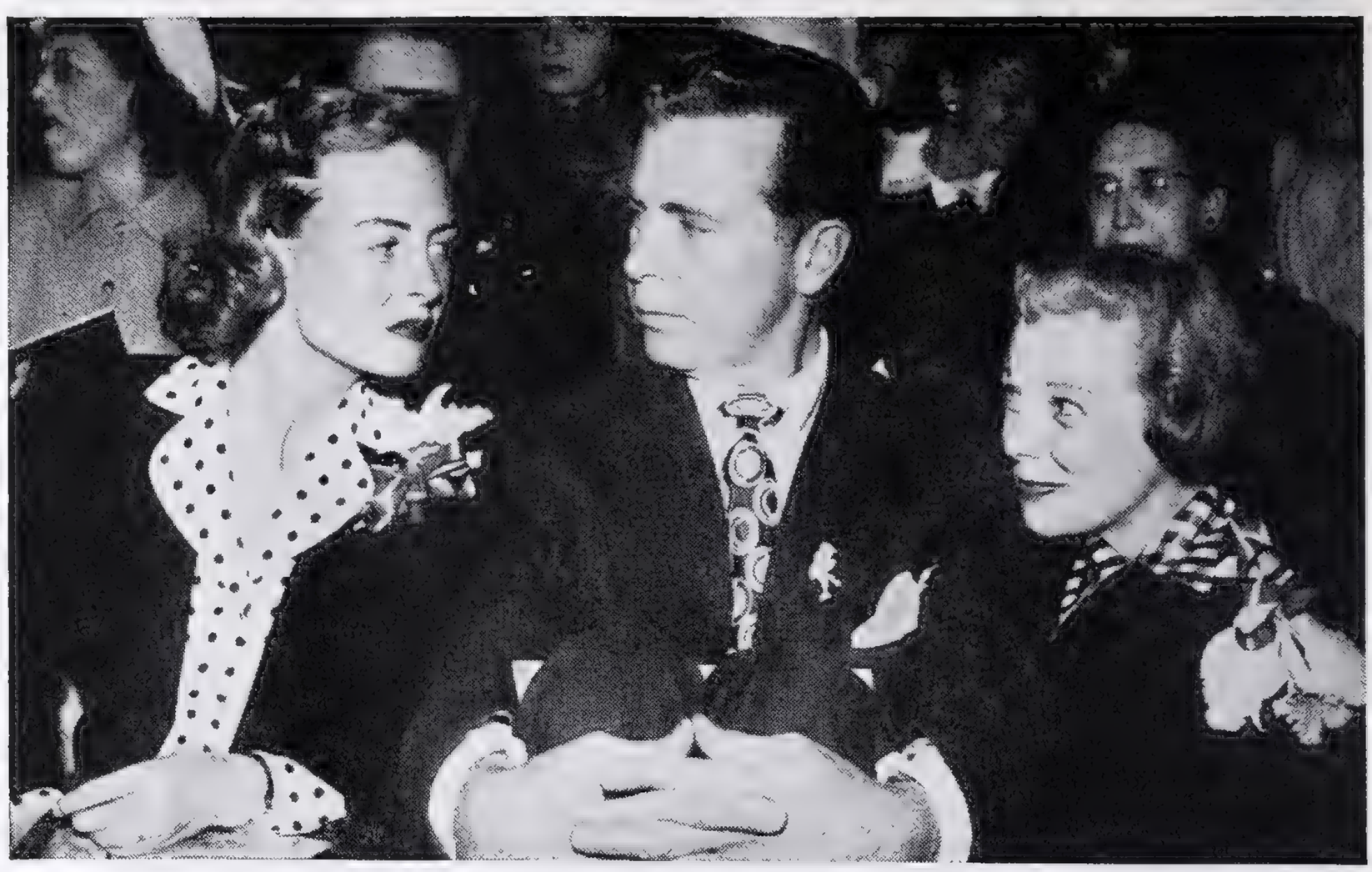
If you're vacation-bound don't forget to tuck a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your bag. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

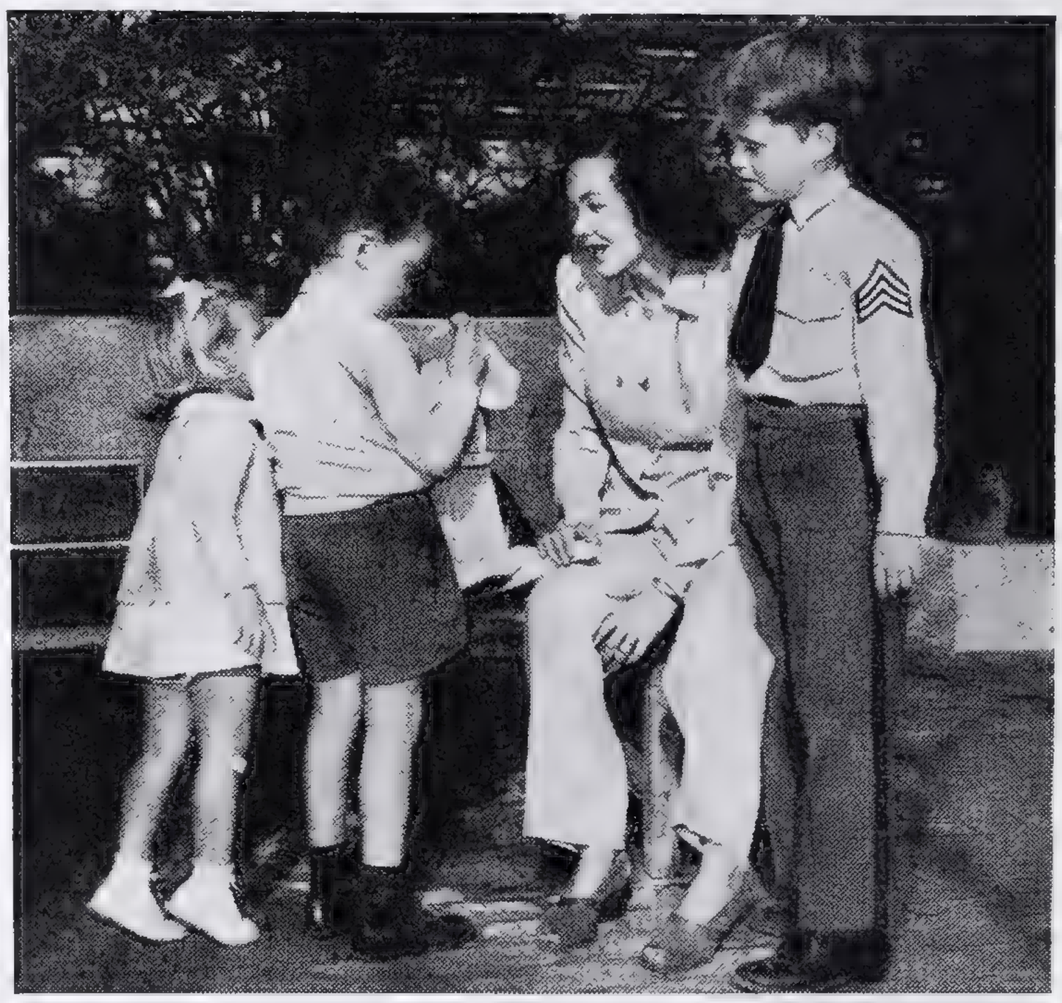
INSIDE STUFF



Party exchange: A serious turn in the conversation between Donna Reed and Dick Powell doesn't faze elfish June Allyson, who makes even listening look like fun!



Maureen O'Sullivan began making these hobby-horses one afternoon when she tried to repair one. Now she's in business



Maureen, recently returned to the screen, is the mother of five children. Here are Maria, Patrick and Michael

(*Continued from page* 14) Mrs. Wolfe), Lee Russell, recently divorced, and the present Boots Mallory Marshall.

Those Two Guys: Jack Carson was talking over the telephone on the set of "My Dream Is Yours" to Dennis Morgan in Chicago. Dennis was on his way from the Kentucky Derby. Jack laughed and after he'd hung up explained why. It seems Dennis had cautioned Jack over and over not to agree to any more "Two Guys" pictures. "Now mind," Dennis had said, "these 'Guy' pictures are not good for us, so stick to it while I'm gone."

Then Dennis had talked to exhibitors all the way east and was telephoning Jack the results.

"And what were they?" he asked.

The "Guy" pictures, Dennis told Jack, had made more money than any Warner pictures released and had made Jack and Dennis two of the most popular "guys" on the screen.

No wonder Jack laughed at Morgan's report. And will there be more "Guy" films? What do you think?"

Girl of the Month: Her face is pertly alert, her name is Betty Garrett and her husband is Larry Parks. After three pictures at M-G-M, "Neptune's Daughter," "The Big City" and "Words and Music," actors Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Mickey Rooney and others are screaming for the show-wise Betty to grace their movies.

With seven years of Broadway behind her, singing in the best clubs and such hit shows as "Something for the Boys" and "Call Me Mister," Betty maintains an enthusiasm that is as refreshing as the Malibu breezes.

Oddly enough, Betty and Larry were born in Missouri towns not thirty miles apart. They attended New York drama schools at the same time, had the same set of friends, went to the same places and yet never met—or if they did they can't recall. But when both finally did meet in Hollywood they knew it all right, for several weeks later they were casually inviting friends they happened to meet to their wedding.

Betty takes nothing for granted, working out long hours in the gym and studying constantly with a song coach and arranger. She's on her toes, literally, which brings her up to a five-foot-five, blue-eyed honey. And, (*Continued on page* 19)

"IT'S HERE! A SHAMPOO WITH SOFT-AS-RAINWATER ACTION" says Margaret Moquin

"Now my hair has Natural Shine—Natural Softness!"





It's a Procter & Gamble Exclusive..... It's NEW DRENE

"Here's something really new!" says this pretty campus bride.

Margaret Moquin, student at Washington University in St. Louis says, "I've used Drene before but I'm *so* glad I discovered this New Drene! This magic new liquid shampoo brings out *all* the shine, *all* the natural softness of your hair." Right Margaret! New Drene with rain-soft action doesn't leave even a smidgen of dulling soap film! New Drene leaves hair bright, sparkling clean. Try it!

New Drene leaves hair naturally soft!

Margaret knows what she wants—"hair that's satin-smooth, easy to do, naturally soft and silky. And that's what New Drene with soft-as-rainwater action can do for you," says Margaret. It can't dry out your hair. New Drene acts mild and gentle.



All clothes designed by Maria Krum

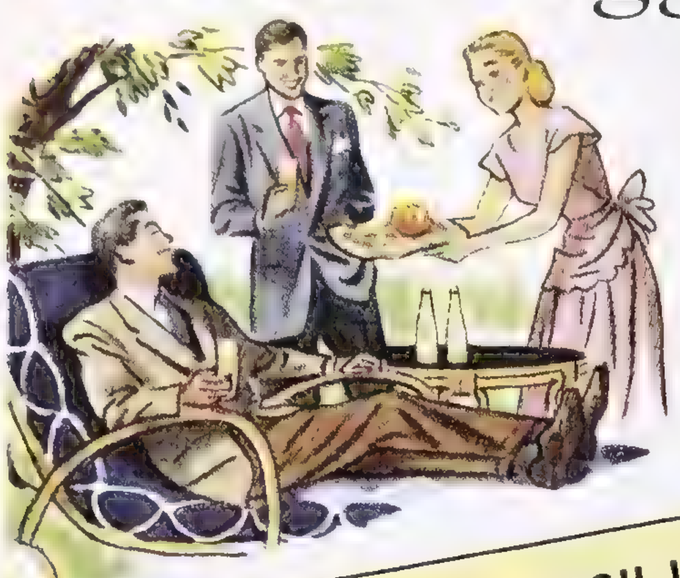
New Drene leaves hair shining bright!

Margaret is proud of her hair . . . keeps it a gleaming cap of curls . . . thanks to New Drene! And she says, "When you're a student with a part-time job, speedy shampooing means a lot!" New Drene makes suds instantly . . . makes five times the suds of soap in hard water . . . cleans completely! That's why hair shines bright, *stays* shining longer!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

For New Hair Beauty—Naturally—New DRENE Shampoo

Hostess Suggestion . . .



Serve Cold when it's Hot!

MILLER HIGH LIFE SUMMER TRAY

Appetizing arrangement of these summer favorites makes this High Life Hostess Suggestion a treat for heat-jaded appetites. Serve cold, Edam and Swiss Cheese, salami and icebox rye. Garnish with toothsome anchovies and olives, bread and butter pickles and sweet gherkins.

To make good food taste better, serve with cold Miller High Life, the Champagne of Bottle Beer.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Enjoy Life with . . .

Miller's HIGH LIFE

brewed and bottled only by the Miller Brewing Company • Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PLATTER *Patter*

By Lester Gottlieb

MELODY TIME: "Blue Shadows on the Trail" is sung by Buddy Clark (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Denny Dennis (London), Vaughn Monroe (Victor), Art Mooney (M-G-M), Roy Rogers (Victor) and Andy Russell (Capitol). "Little Toot" has disks by Sammy Kaye (Victor) and The Kings Men (M-G-M). My favorite is the title song and Larry Welk (Decca), Hal Derwin (Capitol), Buddy Clark (Columbia), have all adopted it. Finally, there's "Pecos Bill" by Dick Jurgens (Columbia), Sammy Kaye (Victor), Roy Rogers (Victor) or The Kings Men (M-G-M).

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS: Doris Day has waxed three melodies for Columbia; "It's Magic," "Put 'em in a Box," and "It's You." Other versions, Tony Martin (Victor), Dick Haymes (Decca), Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Vic Damone (Mercury), on "It's You"; Haymes, Martin, Gordon MacRae (Capitol), and Damone with the beautiful "It's Magic," and Page Cavanaugh Trio (Victor), and Frankie Laine (Mercury) for the sprightly "Put 'em in a Box."

MICKEY: Lois Butler sings "Father Goose" and "Dreams in My Heart" (Capitol).

LADY FROM SHANGHAI: The fetching theme is "Please Don't Kiss Me." Both Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Les Brown's fine band (Columbia) make it sound good.

ARE YOU WITH IT: The versatile Sunset Trio (Capitol) and the reliable Vaughn Monroe (Victor) turn up on the waxworks with the best tune from this musical, "A Little Imagination."

CLASSICAL CORNER

Pianist Maryla Jones plays Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood" . . . Grieg's familiar "Peer Gynt Suite" is performed by The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. . . . Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky is represented with Brahms' Sonata No. 2 For Cello and Piano. . . . All of these disks are handsomely produced by Columbia Masterworks.

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 16) oh yes, she's a cry baby, weeping when emotionally upset which still, after four years of happy marriage, confuses her husband.

Heart Department: Cary Grant seems seriously interested in pretty Betsy Drake, the English miss who plays with Cary in "Every Girl Should Get Married." . . . Beverly Tyler has forgotten Tom Drake in her admiration for Tom May, estranged husband of Ann Rutherford . . . Peter Lawford continues to play the field, but Jack Carson seems to have found his dream girl in Pat Neal —this month at least . . . Ann Sothern's ex-husband Robert Sterling and Rita Rend are still ablaze.

About People: He's neither young nor handsome but wherever he goes, Babe Ruth steals the spotlight from handsome movie stars. Even Betty Grable shyly asked for his autograph. "The Bambino" is in Hollywood to watch Bill Bendix play "Babe" in "The Babe Ruth Story" . . . When movie jobs slowed down for Lee Bonnell he neither grumbled nor loafed. When his cute wife Gale Storm registered another hit in "The Dude Goes West," Lee went out and got himself a job selling insurance and sold enough the first month to average a year's movie salary. Now there's a real fellow for you . . . Connie Bennett has the creme de la creme mansion in Hollywood with twenty rooms all on one floor. One of the rooms, sixteen by twelve, is devoted exclusively to housing her wardrobe. Incidentally, Constance is taking flying lessons from her husband Lt. Colonel John Coulter . . . Everywhere Bill Elliott traveled with his rodeo, people remarked on his resemblance to Bill Hart—with the result Bill may be borrowed by a major studio to play Hart's life.

The Hopes: They built and love their home in Toluca Lake and yet the Bob Hopes are selling the house for one reason—to keep united as a family. With Bob in Hollywood for rehearsals, broadcasts and writing sessions, the Hopes feel the long drive to and from consumes time that could be spent together. So the hunt in town for a home is on.

Dressing Room Party: In the showiest of show girl costumes, Ann Sothern sat in her dressing room and held court after having just completed an intricate song and dance routine for a special number in "Words and Music."

"I couldn't do another retake if they begged me," she moaned. "Oh my aching back!" Ann told about her new house. "I wanted a small house and now that I have it, I can't move around. So," she went on, "in order to enlarge the house they have to move the swimming pool from one side of the garden to the other." Cal couldn't make out whether her slight moan was over the idea of the transplanted pool or the aching back.

The Johnsons: Van Johnson came by Cal's on his way to the studio. His face lit up as he described the birthday gifts he'd purchased for Evie that morning—a blouse with "Evie" outlined in pailettes, perfume, an antique brooch.

Next day Cal had a birthday luncheon with Evie. We howled over the tiny, but perfect ski shoes Norma Shearer brought little "Sky" Johnson from Switzerland. "Sky," who is a pocket edition of Van—red hair, blue eyes, expression and all—will have to grow a bit to fill those shoes.

"I dress for a moonlight ride ...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "Here's how I manage morning to moonlight dress problems," says this smart career girl. "I wear a little scarf caught with a chic gold pin at the neck of my silk shantung dress. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. *Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours.*"

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes, I change the scarf for a dashing striped silk stole, fasten with a glittering pin and belt. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*"

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.



New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(*Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.*)

Shadow Stage

✓Good
✓✓Very good
✓✓✓Outstanding
F—For the whole family
A—For adults



Merry musical: Judy Garland, Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford blend talents with the tunes of Irving Berlin—in a Technicolor triumph

✓✓✓ (F) Easter Parade (M-G-M)

LILIES to Leo the Lion for a gorgeous, glittering musical right out of the top drawer!

Agile Fred Astaire, still the snappiest stepper of them all, is in it . . . and there's Judy Garland who is in fine voice. She dons her dancing shoes to execute a few fancy steps with Fred and demonstrates her gift for comedy in a hobo number that's a howl. Mostly, however, Judy is in a wistful mood, having fallen hard for Fred. He's a vaudeville headliner whose dancing partner, Ann Miller, leaves him flat. Because he still carries a torch for Ann—an elegant eyeful but a selfish schemer—Fred fails to fully appreciate Judy. His friend, Peter Lawford, a playboy in a top hat, seesaws between the two girls, pursuing Judy while Ann chases him.

It's not the story so much as the performers, the superb direction, excellent dialogue, plus the Irving Berlin tunes, wrapped up in Technicolor, that make "Easter Parade" so enjoyable.

Your Reviewer Says: Join the parade!

✓✓ (F) Dream Girl (Paramount)

ANY girl who can dream her way into Macdonald Carey's arms is doing all right by herself. Of course, Betty Hutton lands there by a roundabout route after telling the guy skeenteen times that she just can't bear the sight of him. You see she thinks her heart throb is brother-in-law Patric Knowles, about to be divorced from Virginia Field.

Betty's wild flights of fancy take her, in turn, to a rustic hideaway with Knowles, on a Mexican holiday with a married playboy, in a South Seas dive, and singing divinely on the operatic stage. But whether she's daydreaming or not, Betty is forever burned up about something. With her it's a talent! As for Carey, he has the best lines and makes the most of them. Knowles gives a wooden performance; Virginia Field looks striking; Walter Abel and Peggy Wood play the girls' reasonably resigned parents.

Net result: A chucklesome farce that's pleasantly diverting rather than world-shaking.

Your Reviewer Says: Calling daydreamers!



Fanciful farce: Macdonald Carey gives a prize performance as the man most frequently seen in Betty Hutton's droll daydreamings

✓ (F) Give My Regards to Broadway (20th Century-Fox)

SONG-and-dance-man Dan Dailey stole the spotlight in "You Were Meant for Me." This time, however, he takes a back seat, allowing that sly old trouper, Charles Winninger, to steal the show.

Billed as *Albert the Great* in vaudeville's heyday, Winninger and his family are forced to retreat to a New Jersey town where, in time, he becomes a prosperous business man. But he's bent upon returning to the footlights in a juggling act with his boy Dan and daughters Barbara Lawrence and Jane Nigh. Dan and Barbara especially have what it takes and any day now agent Charlie Ruggles should land them a booking. *Mom* (Fay Bainter) used to be in the act, too, but she's busy with her domestic duties.

To their dad's dismay, Jane and Barbara heed Cupid's call. Father and son carry on alone but once Dan meets pretty Nancy Guild his heart's no longer in show business. So there are three lukewarm romances in this sentimental story designed for the family trade.

Your Reviewer Says: Who says vaudeville's dead?



Broadway ballad: Song-and-dance man Dan Dailey believes there's no business like show business until he meets comely Nancy Guild



Action-packed drama: Susan Hayward, Van Heflin conspire in the romance, loyalty and intrigue that make up this colorful tale of the South

✓✓ (F) Tap Roots (Universal-International)

TAKE a swift-moving story, jam-packed with action, and put two such stars as Van Heflin and Susan Hayward at the helm, and you have solid entertainment!

The *Dabneys* of Mississippi are anti-slavery folk, determined to defend their vast holdings when the state threatens to secede from the Union following Lincoln's election. After one look at *Dabney's* lovely, high-spirited daughter Susan, newspaperman Van Heflin falls in with the wild scheme to rally the countryside against the Confederate forces. Nor does he change his mind upon learning of her plans to marry young Whitfield Connor. When Susan meets with a crippling accident, her sly sister, Julie London, makes a play for Connor. Susan thinks her heart is broken but Van is right there to mend it.

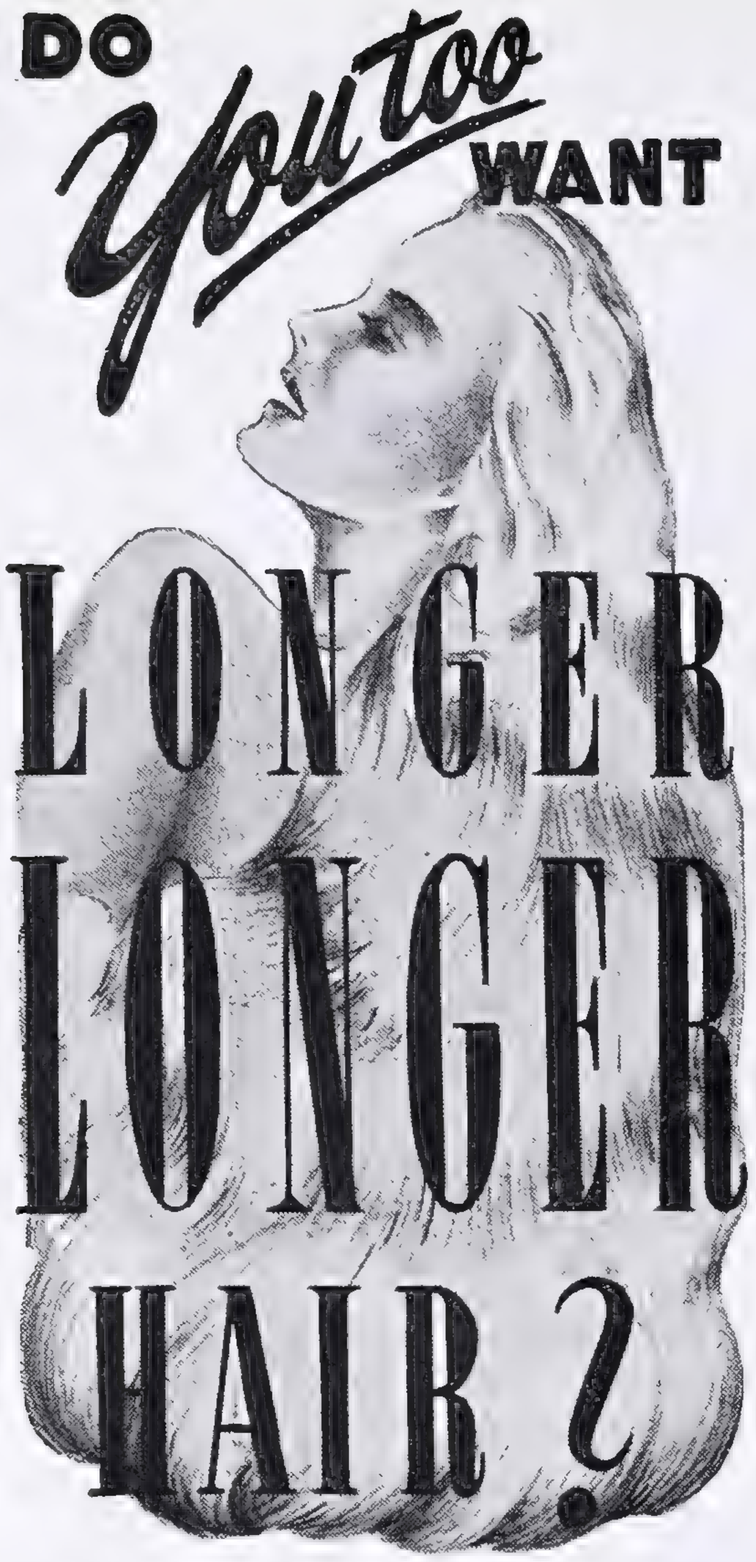
Heflin and Hayward never appeared to better advantage; Ward Bond is Susan's hot-headed father; Boris Karloff makes a picturesque Indian and newcomer Whitfield Connor is convincing.

Your Reviewer Says: Rousing romance of the Old South.

(*Continued on page 22*)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 25.
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 24.
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 29.

BY ELSA BRANDEN



Do you, too, want the popularity, the friends, the happiness and romance that comes to those who have long, lustrous, glamorous hair? Then

TRY THIS REMARKABLE, PROVEN MULL-LEAF-LUSTRE TREATMENT
(with lanolin)
10 DAYS AT MY RISK

Stop falling hair! Stop brittle ends from splitting and breaking! Normalize the condition of scalp and hair! Give your hair its chance to grow normally and attain the length you want—become softer—silkier—more attractive.

The remarkable MULL-LEAF-LUSTRE method helps hair and scalp—helps to bring about conditions under which normal hair can grow! Helps you find new attractiveness—new friends. Very beneficial to permanently waved hair.

AMAZING OFFER!

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We're so sure results will amaze you that we make this offer: Send only $1.00 for your regular full size MULL-LEAF-LUSTRE Treatment, (or order C.O.D.) today, and we'll send you additional $1.00 treatment free. Use only 10 days. If you are not delighted, return unused treatment for full $1.00 refund and keep the other. **Offer may not be made again! Rush Coupon Today! Give your hair its chance for longer, longer beauty. House of Lechler, Dept. M-150, 560 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.**

2 for 1 COUPON

House of Lechler, Dept. M-150
560 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Yes, I too, want longer, softer, more glamorous hair. Send 2 regular MULL-LEAF-LUSTRE Treatments. I'll try it for 10 days. Then if not delighted. I'll return one for full refund but I may keep the other.

☐ I enclose $1.00. (Send postpaid.)
☐ Send C.O.D. (Plus postal charges.)

Name.....

Street & No.....

City..... Zone.... State.....

✓✓ (A) The Time of Your Life (Cagney-UA)

SO you think Jimmy Cagney is a roughneck, spoiling for a fight? Wait until you see him as gentle *Joe* in this wonderfully wacky movie taken from Saroyan's prize play. Sure enough, Jim uses his fists in the final sequence but, in between, he's a grown-up Boy Scout, addicted to spreading sunshine.

The setting is a San Francisco waterfront saloon owned by down-to-earth Bill Bendix. Strange, fascinating characters drift into the place. There's Cagney's *Man Friday,* big-and-boyish Wayne Morris, and Jeanne Cagney (Jim's sister off screen), whose dreams are as beautiful as her past is ugly. Paul Draper stands out as a guy who would rather dance than eat; James Lydon and Richard Erdman lend a comical touch; Gail Page a lovely-but-lonely lady. Pedro de Cordoba plays haunting tunes on his harmonica accompanied by Reginald Beane at the piano. And there's story telling James Barton, Tom Powers as a lowdown heel, cop Brod Crawford and longshoreman Ward Bond.

One and all are part of a compassion-crammed, human story which should appeal to audiences seeking the unusual.

Your Reviewer Says: Witty and wise.

✓✓ (F) Key Largo (Warners)

WHEN Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson are the headliners, you know you won't be treated to any namby-pamby tea party.

"Major" Bogart arrives at Key Largo to look up his dead buddy's widow, Lauren Bacall, and her crippled father-in-law, Lionel Barrymore, owner of Hotel Largo. Deserted because of the summer heat, the place makes a convenient stopover for racketeer Robinson, his henchmen and his hard drinking girl, Claire Trevor. Reluctant to become embroiled, Bogie is forced to take sides when his very life is at stake. A humdinger of a hurricane adds to the mounting tension and turns the vicious Robinson into a terror-stricken little man.

Thanks to the able direction of John Huston and an outstanding cast, Maxwell Anderson's play becomes an enormously effective film.

Your Reviewer Says: Tough, taut, terrific.

✓✓ (F) Melody Time (Disney—RKO)

ALL the resources of the Disney studio are poured out unstintingly to give the customers a good time. You'll meet several amusing new cartoon characters besides such real-life favorites as organ-playing Ethel Smith, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the Sons of the Pioneers.

The droll adventures of *Pecos Bill* will set you laughing and you'll be charmed by *Little Toot,* the wayward tugboat, and *Johnny Appleseed.* Then there's the strikingly original Bumble Boogie number, fairly jumping with jive. To top it off, Dennis Day, Buddy Clark, Frances Langford and The Andrews Sisters are heard, along with the music of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians and Freddy Martin.

In glowing Technicolor, "Melody Time" is an enchanting package for everybody.

Your Reviewer Says: Disney does it again!

✓✓ (A) A Foreign Affair (Paramount)

CONGRESS gets ribbed in this sly, somewhat risqué comedy.

Jean Arthur—who expresses distress more amusingly than most—is Iowa's gift to Congress. Along with her fellow-lawmakers, she visits Berlin to study and report on the morale of American Occupation Troops. Serious-minded Jean is appalled at the fraternizing with *fräuleins,* won over by nylons, cigarettes and chocolates. Then she meets handsome Captain John Lund whereupon she leaves off lawmaking to learn about love. John is romantically involved with that mistress of the meaningful glance, Marlene Dietrich. But he gives Jean a whirl to distract her from exposing the night club singer's Nazi background.

Jean and John are hilarious; the glamorous Dietrich sings sophisticated songs; Millard Mitchell stands out as an able Army man who is a human being as well.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for sophisticates.

✓ (F) Red River (Monterey-UA)

IN the 1860's, when land belonged to anyone strong enough to take on all comers, John Wayne sets out to be a Texan cattle baron. A hard taskmaster, he drives himself and everyone else beyond endurance. Two men understand and love him: His old sidekick, Walter Brennan, and his foster son, Montgomery Clift. Seeking a new market for his cattle, Wayne heads a wagon train towards Missouri. It's a long, gruelling journey but he keeps cracking the whip unmercifully until young Clift seizes leadership. Thereafter, Wayne goes gunning for him. Indians on the warpath, a cattle stampede, smoking guns and furious fisticuffs are all here on a monumental scale. There's a dash of romance, too, with Joanne Dru playing a spirited female. Coleen Gray appears briefly in the opening scene.

Clift's performance is restrained; Wayne is convincingly ruthless; Brennan lends a light touch to the grim proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Super saga of the West.

✓ (F) The Crusades (Paramount)

CHRISTIANITY'S war on the Infidels centuries ago has been told before but, with the Holy Land in the spotlight today, this re-issue of an old De Mille film takes on a new note of interest.

Henry Wilcoxon is admirable as Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, renowned for his valor. To avoid an alliance with Princess Alice of France (Katherine De Mille), he enlists in the cause of the Cross. When he meets Loretta Young, on his way to Jerusalem, he recognizes her as his true queen. Indeed, with her blonde tresses and flowing robes, lovely Loretta is a fairytale princess awaiting her knight.

Your Reviewer Says: A stupendous spectacle.

(A) Casbah (Universal-International)

NOT for a moment are you fooled into believing that Tony Martin is a clever jewel thief who has the police of Algiers up a tree. Actually, he seems far more concerned about stealing hearts than jewels and singing love songs to the ladies.

First, there's his flame, Yvonne DeCarlo, a girl who loves and loses. Then, there's newcomer, Marta Toren, a bewitching brunette, fascinated by the Casbah—and especially by Tony.

Peter Lorre registers as a patient police inspector who knows he will get his man in the end.

Your Reviewer Says: Gaudy but not good.

✓ (F) Raw Deal (Reliance-Eagle Lion)

IN this grim gangster film, tough Dennis O'Keefe realistically plays an escaped convict with two women on his hands: his sweetheart, Claire Trevor, who engineered his escape and talks his language, and Marsha Hunt who disapproves of the—

(*Continued on page* 24)

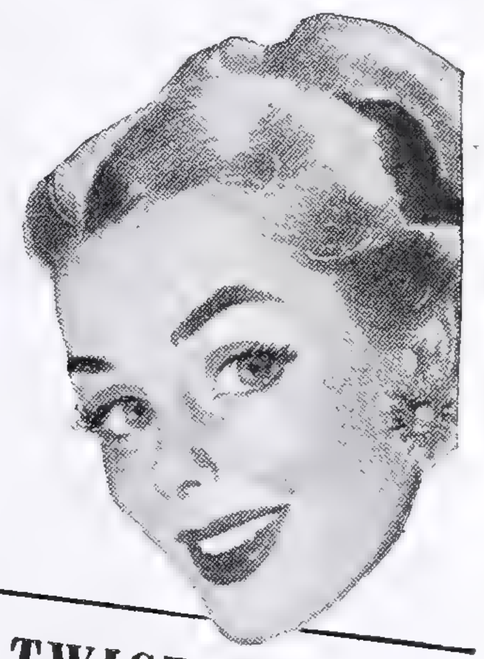
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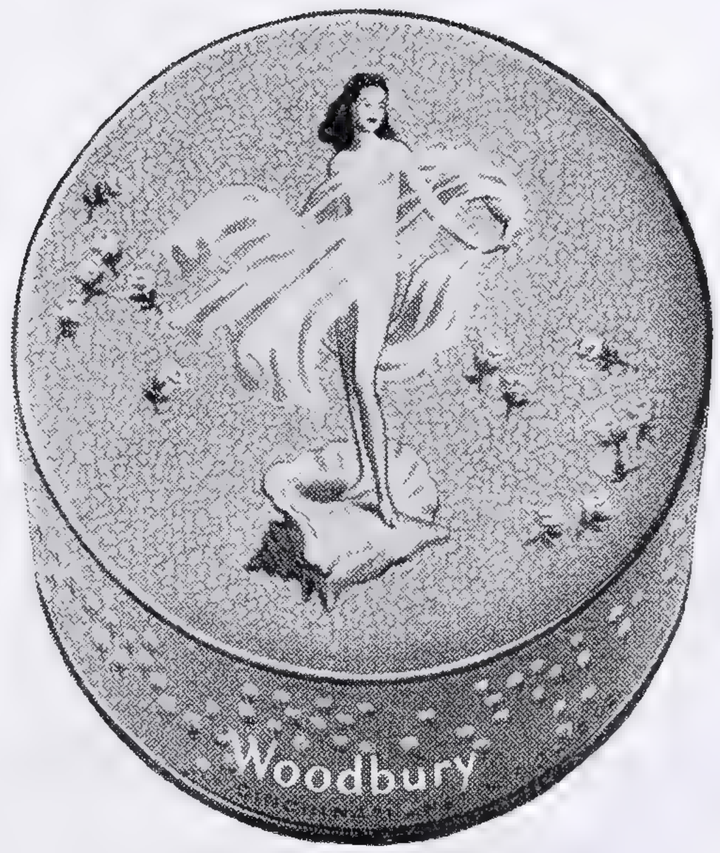


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P

IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!

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"GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY"

A 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Picture



"The taste-test proved it!" says Nancy Guild. "I tasted the leading colas in paper cups and one was best-tasting. That was RC! I've been sold on RC ever since . . . always serve it at home." Try Royal Crown Cola yourself! Only RC gives you all three. (1) Cool refreshment. (2) Two full glasses. (3) Best-by-taste-test flavor.



RC is the quick way to say...
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test

...NANCY TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST

guy but loves him in spite of herself.

Dennis wavers between his loyalty to Claire and his attraction for Marsha. It turns out, however, that they all get a raw deal no matter how you look at it. John Ireland and Raymond Burr are a pair of treacherous mobsters who contribute suspense to this sinister drama.

Your Reviewer Says: Raw and rough.

(F) Carson City Raiders (Republic)

MOST folks run away from trouble, but not Allan "Rocky" Lane. As special investigator for an insurance company, he tackles trouble in a fast-'n'-furious Western chockful of gun and fist fights.

Carson City is so overrun with badmen that a guy must be on his toes every minute. There's crafty Frank Reicher, just a barber to the townsfolk, but in reality the "brains" of the bunch staging the hold-ups. For awhile it's touch and go but with the help of Eddy Waller and Steve Darrell, Lane comes out on top.

Your Reviewer Says: Danger at the cross-roads.

(F) Under California Stars (Republic)

OUT West a man is lost without his horse and when he happens to be movie star Roy Rogers and the horse is Trigger, he's really in a fix. Luckily, Roy still has his gun, two good fists and loyal friends to help him when Trigger is kidnapped by a couple of badmen and held for ransom.

Just when things get going, however, Roy and his pals make with the music. And when he beats up a guy within an inch of his worthless life, he's so downright amiable it's embarrassing.

Jane Frazee and Andy Devine are on hand to spread their customary cheer and Michael Chapin is the youngster who repays Rogers for all his kindness.

Your Reviewer Says: Anyway, it has Roy and Trigger.

✓ (F) Return of the Bad Men (RKO)

FOOL around with Randy Scott and you get into trouble! That's what outlaw Robert Ryan discovers in this fast-moving Western. As a gun-totin' girl bandit, Anne Jeffreys lends a New Look to the old bank hold-up theme. When Randy catches up with Anne, he convinces her

Best Pictures of the Month

Easter Parade
Tap Roots
A Foreign Affair
Key Largo
The Time of Your Life
Melody Time

Best Performances of the Month

Judy Garland, Fred Astaire in "Easter Parade"
Macdonald Carey in "Dream Girl"
Van Heflin, Susan Hayward in "Tap Roots"
Jean Arthur in "A Foreign Affair"
Robert Ryan in "Return of the Bad Men"
Rex Harrison in "Escape"
Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor in "Key Largo"
Jeanne Cagney, William Bendix, Wayne Morris in "The Time of Your Life"

that running from the law is no life for a young girl. Naturally, she goes for Scott but Jacqueline White, daughter of town banker George "Gabby" Hayes, saw him first. Randy resolves to rid the territory of Ryan and his gang but the boys put up one heck of a fight. All play their parts vigorously but it's Ryan who handles his role with terrifying realism.

Your Reviewer Says: Never a dull moment.

✓ (A) The Iron Curtain (20th Century-Fox)

THIS has the distinction of being one of the season's most controversial pictures. Based on the famous Canadian spy case of two years ago and done in documentary style, it's the first film to point an accusing finger at the Russians. No wonder it's stirring up a hornets' nest!

Dana Andrews stolidly portrays *Igor Gouzenko*, a code clerk attached to the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. It's when Dana's government informs him he's to return to Moscow that suddenly—and not too convincingly—he switches to the democratic way of life. Although Dana realizes how ruthless his Russian masters will be if he's caught, he steals atomic bomb secrets from their files, thus revealing the existence of a Soviet spy ring in Canada. At this point, the picture—full of painstaking detail—comes to life and you start chewing your nails.

Gene Tierney is sympathetic as Dana's wife who appreciates the freedom of the New World. June Havoc plays a sleek espionage agent who tries to trap Andrews.

Your Reviewer Says: It's Red-hot!

✓ (F) Escape (20th Century-Fox)

DAME FORTUNE deals Rex Harrison a mighty mean blow in this dramatic indictment of man-made justice.

There's a scuffle with a police officer in Hyde Park; the man strikes his head against an iron bench and is killed. Rex gets three years' imprisonment for manslaughter. Chafing under the injustice of the sentence, he escapes only to have the whole countryside and its hounds at his heels. Peggy Cummins—whose grown-up ways are at variance with her little-girl looks—is rooting for him.

Atmosphere plus suspense and a good cast make for an interesting picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting "chase" film.

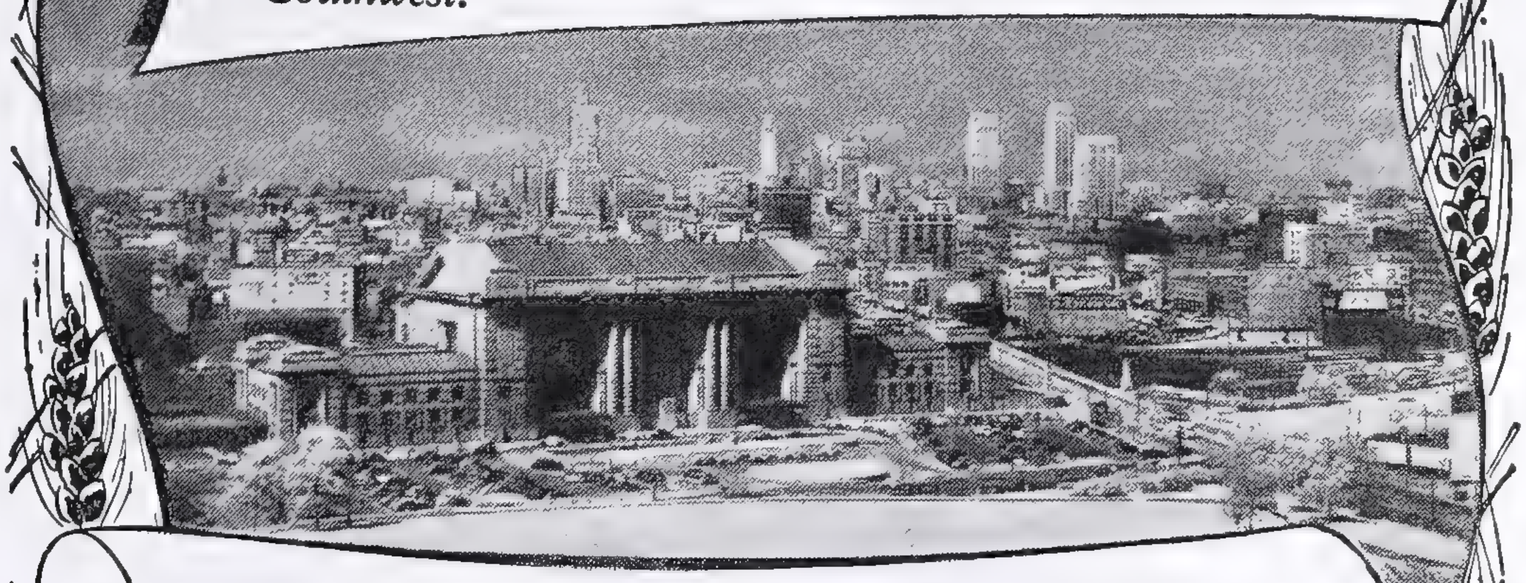
Casts of Current Pictures

CARSON CITY RAIDERS—Republic: *Allan "Rocky" Lane,* Allan "Rocky" Lane; *Nugget Clark,* Eddy Waller; *"Razor" Pool,* Frank Reicher; *Mildred Drew,* Beverly Jons; *Jimmy Davis,* Hal Landon; *Tom Drew,* Steve Darrell; *Starkey,* Harold Goodwin.

CASBAH—U.I.: *Inez,* Yvonne DeCarlo; *Pepe Le Moko,* Tony Martin; *Slimane,* Peter Lorre; *Gaby,* Marta Toren; *Omar,* Hugo Haas; *Louvain,* Thomas Gomez; *Carlo,* Douglas Dick; *Odette,* Katherine Dunham; *Claude,* Herbert Rudley; *Roland,* Gene Walker; *Maurice,* Curt Conway; *Willem,* Andre Pola; *Max,* Barry Bernard; *Madeline,* Virginia Gregg; *Beggar,* Will Lee; *Pierre,* Harris Brown; *Anton Duval,* Houseley Stevenson; *Ahmed,* Robert Kendall.

CRUSADES, THE — Paramount: *Berengaria,* Loretta Young; *Richard,* Henry Wilcoxon; *Saladin,* Ian Keith; *Alice,* Katherine DeMille; *The Hermit,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Conrad of Montferrat,* Joseph Schildkraut; *Blondel,* Alan Hale; *Philip of France,* C. Henry Gordon; *Sancho, King of Navarre,* George Barbier; *The Blacksmith,* Montagu Love; *Robert, Earl of Leicester,* Lumsden Hare; *Hugo, Duke of Burgundy,* William Farnum; *Frederick, Emperor of Germany,* Hobart Bosworth; *Karakush,* Pedro deCordoba; *John, Prince of England,* Ramsay Hill; *Monk,* Mischa Auer; *Alan, Richard's Squire,* Maurice Murphy; *Leopold, Duke of Austria,* Albert Conti; *Sverre, the Norse King,* Sven-Hugo Borg; *Michael, Prince of Russia,* Paul Satoff; *William, King of Sicily,* Fred Malatesta; *Nicholas, Count of Hungary,* Hans Von Twardowski; *Duenna* Anna Demetrio; *Soldier,* Perry Askam; *Ship's Master,* Edwin Maxwell; *Archbishop,* Winter Hall; *Mother of Alan,* Emma Dunn; *Amir,*

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K. C. is a hospitable home-town — a mighty pleasant place to live. Unusually beautiful residential areas, parks, broad boulevards abound. Educational and cultural opportunities have been well planned. Civic pride runs high.

Almost smack in the middle of the U. S.—K. C. is the flourishing center of a 6-state trading area, extending as far west as Colorado and clear down into Texas. Cows, horses, hogs, mules, grain, oil, lumber flow in and out.

With the old "Show-me" spirit still alive, Kansas Citians have long enjoyed the Candy Coated Gum—

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Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin—*They're good!*

Beech-Nut Gum in stick form—the outstanding favorite everywhere.

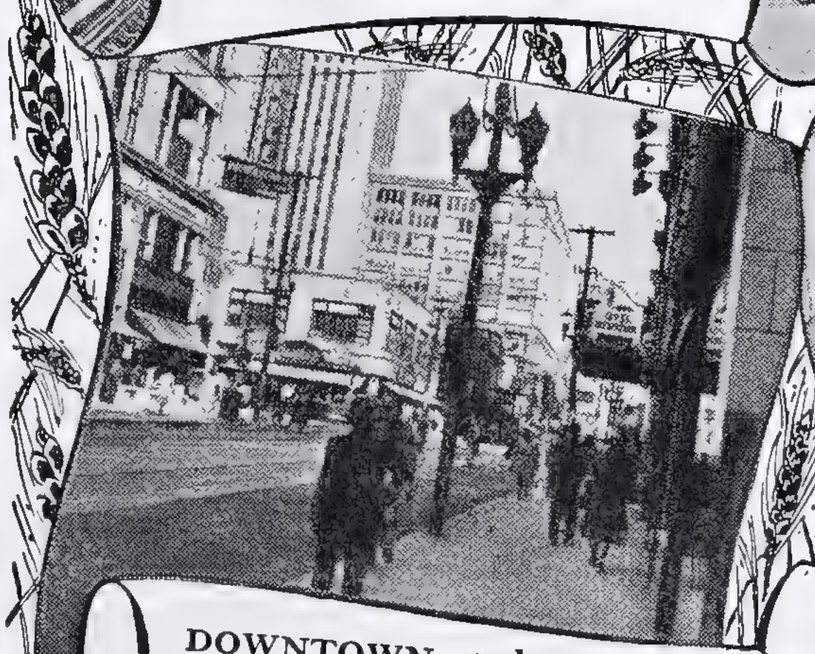




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If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

**depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions.*

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave... non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



Jason Robards; *Slave in Saladin's Garden,* Jason Robards; *Nun,* Georgia Caine; *Arab Slave Seller,* J. Carroll Naish; *English Chamberlain,* Robert Adair; *Philip's Squire,* Oscar Rudolph; *Leicester's Squire,* Pat Moore; *Christian Girl,* Ann Sheridan.

DREAM GIRL — Paramount: *Georgina Allerton,* Betty Hutton; *Clark Redfield,* Macdonald Carey; *Jim Lucas,* Patric Knowles; *Miriam Allerton Lucas,* Virginia Field; *George Allerton,* Walter Abel; *Lucy Allerton,* Peggy Wood; *Claire,* Carolyn Butler; *Professor Meely,* John Abbott; *George Hand,* Lowell Gilmore; *Music Teacher (Mme. Kimmeloff),* Zamah Cunningham; *Antonio,* Frank Puglia.

EASTER PARADE—M-G-M: *Hannah Brown,* Judy Garland; *Don Hewes,* Fred Astaire; *Jonathan Harrow, III,* Peter Lawford; *Nadine Hale,* Ann Miller; *Francois,* Jules Munshin; *Mike, the Bartender,* Clinton Sundberg; *Essie* Jeni LeGon.

ESCAPE—20th Century-Fox: *Matt Denant,* Rex Harrison; *Dora Winton,* Peggy Cummins; *Inspector Harris,* William Hartnell; *Parson,* Norman Wooland; *Grace Winton,* Jill Esmond; *Brownie,* Frederick Piper; *Mrs. Pinkem,* Marjorie Rhodes; *Girl in Park,* Betty Ann Davies; *Rodgers,* Cyril Cusack; *Car Salesman,* John Slater; *Village Constable,* Frank Pettingell; *Plain Clothes Man,* Michael Golden; *Judge,* Frederick Leister; *Defense Counsel,* Walter Hudd.

FOREIGN AFFAIR, A — Paramount: *Congresswoman Phoebe Frost,* Jean Arthur; *Erika Von Schluetow,* Marlene Dietrich; *Captain John Pringle,* John Lund; *Colonel Rufus J. Plummer,* Millard Mitchell; *Hans Otto Birgel,* Peter von Zerneck; *Mike,* William Murphy; *Joe,* Stanley Prager; *Lt. Lee Thompson,* William Neff; *Congressman Griffin,* Boyd Davis; *Congressman Pennecott,* Raymond Bond; *Congressman Kraus,* Robert Malcolm; *Congressman Yandell,* Charles Meredith.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: *Bert,* Dan Dailey; *Albert,* Charles Winninger; *Helen,* Nancy Guild; *Toby,* Charles Ruggles; *Fay,* Fay Bainter; *June,* Barbara Lawrence; *May,* Jane Nigh; *Arthur Waldron Jr.,* Charles Russell; *Dinkel,* Sig Ruman; *Mr Waldron,* Howard Freeman; *Frank Doty,* Herbert Anderson; *Wallace,* Pat Flaherty; *Master of Ceremonies,* Harry Seymour.

IRON CURTAIN, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Igor Gouzenko,* Dana Andrews; *Anna Gouzenko,* Gene Tierney; *Karanova,* June Havoc; *Grubb,* Berry Kroeger; *Mrs. Foster,* Edna Best; *Ranov,* Stefan Schnabel; *Dr. Norman,* Nicholas Joy; *Major Kulin,* Eduard Franz; *Col. Trigorin,* Frederic Tozere; *Bushkin,* Noel Cravat; *Andrei,* Christopher Robin Olsen; *Winikov,* Peter Whitney; *Editor,* Leslie Barrie; *Leonard Leetz,* Mauritz Hugo; *Sorgeyev,* John Shay; *Captain Class,* Victor Wood.

KEY LARGO—Warners: *Frank McCloud,* Humphrey Bogart; *Johnny Rocco,* Edward G. Robinson; *Nora Temple,* Lauren Bacall; *James Temple,* Lionel Barrymore; *Gaye,* Claire Trevor; *Curly,* Thomas Gomez; *Toots,* Harry Lewis; *Deputy,* John Rodney; *Ziggy,* Marc Lawrence; *Angel,* Dan Seymour; *Sheriff,* Monte Blue; *Osceola Brothers,* Silver Heels and Rodric Red Wing.

RAW DEAL — Reliance-Eagle Lion: *Joe Sullivan,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Pat,* Claire Trevor; *Ann Martin,* Marsha Hunt; *Fantail,* John Ireland; *Rick Coyle,* Raymond Burr; *Spider,* Curt Conway; *Marcy,* Chili Williams.

RED RIVER—Monterey-UA: *Thomas Dunson,* John Wayne; *Matthew Garth,* Montgomery Clift; *Tess Millay,* Joanne Dru; *Groot,* Walter Brennan; *Fen,* Coleen Gray; *Cherry,* John Ireland; *Buster,* Noah Beery, Jr.; *Quo,* Chief Yowlatchie; *Melville,* Harry Carey, Sr.; *Dan Latimer,* Harry Carey, Jr; *Matthew (as a boy),* Mickey Kuhn; *Teeler,* Paul Fix.

RETURN OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: *Vance,* Randolph Scott; *Sundance Kid,* Robert Ryan; *Cheyenne,* Anne Jeffreys; *John Pettit,* George "Gabby" Hayes; *Madge Allen,* Jacqueline White; *Cole Younger,* Steve Brodie; *Jim Younger,* Richard Powers; *John Younger,* Robert Bray; *Emmett Dalton,* Lex Barker; *Bob Dalton,* Walter Reed; *Grat Dalton,* Michael Harvey; *Billy the Kid,* Dean White; *Wild Bill Doolin,* Robert Armstrong; *Wild Bill Yeager,* Tom Tyler; *Arkansas Kid,* Lew Harvey; *Emily,* Minna Gombell.

TAP ROOTS—U-I: *Keith Alexander,* Van Heflin; *Morna Dabney,* Susan Hayward; *Tishomingo,* Boris Karloff; *Aven Dabney,* Julie London; *Clay MacIvor,* Whitfield Connor; *Hoab Dabney,* Ward Bond; *Bruce Dabney,* Richard Long; *Reverend Kirkland,* Arthur Shields; *Dr. MacIntosh,* Griff Barnett.

TIME OF YOUR LIFE, THE—Cagney-UA: *Joe,* James Cagney; *Nick,* William Bendix; *Tom,* Wayne Morris; *Kitty Duval,* Jeanne Cagney; *Krupp,* Broderick Crawford; *McCarthy,* Ward Bond; *Kit Carson,* James Barton; *Harry,* Paul Draper; *Mary L.,* Gale Page; *Dudley,* James Lydon; *Willie,* Richard Erdman; *Arab,* Pedro de Cordoba; *Wesley,* Reginald Beane; *Blick,* Tom Powers; *A Tippler,* John "Skins" Miller; *Society Lady,* Natalie Schafer; *Society Gentleman,* Howard Freeman; *Blind Date,* Renie Riano; *Girl in Love,* Nanette Parks; *Nick's Mother,* Grazia Marciso; *"Killer,"* Claire Carleton.

UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES — Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Roy Rogers; *Caroline Maynard,* Jane Frazee; *Cookie Bullfincher,* Andy Devine; *Jonas "Pop" Jordan,* George H. Lloyd; *Lije McFarland,* Wade Crosby; *Ted Conover,* Michael Chapin; *Ed,* House Peters Jr.; *Sheriff,* Steve Clark; *Joe,* Joseph Garro; Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

LAUGHING Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Background for Stardom," Mutual Broadcasting System, Thursday, 7:15 p.m. EDT; Sunday, 9:15 p.m. PDT. Check your newspaper for time in your vicinity

"Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," in which Ann Blyth plays a mermaid who doesn't say an entire word in the picture, was given its Hollywood sneak preview and a male patron wrote on his audience reaction card: "Thank the dear Lord and Universal-International Studio for one woman who can't talk!"

* * *

In "The Adventures of Don Juan," Errol Flynn comes to a point in the story where he decides never again will he look at a woman. Then a coach drives by with a beautiful girl and Flynn goes off in pursuit. The girl is Mrs. Errol Flynn, who played the bit as a gag.

* * *

They learn early in Hollywood. Eve Arden's three-year-old Liza stood entranced in front of her newly painted portrait. "Do you like it?" asked Eve.

"Yes," replied Liza, "but I don't think it's very glamorous of me, do you?"

* * *

A pal of Eddie Cantor's who had been nursing an ulcer with a strict diet for months, ordered sauerkraut and wieners instead of his usual soft boiled eggs for lunch. Eddie turned pale and said:

"Look, you can't go from Ingrid Bergman to Lana Turner without something in between."

* * *

An important filmtown producer has a passion for monograms. His initials are emblazoned on all his possessions, including his yacht, car, shirts, shorts, pajamas, belt, etc. Hedy Lamarr gave him a birthday present—a carton of monogrammed headache tablets.

* * *

Henry Morgan's trailer, which plugs "So This Is New York," has Morgan telling the audience: "We don't guarantee that you'll like this picture, but can you guarantee us that we'll like you?"

* * *

Danny Kaye's best story about himself concerns the time he appeared in one of New York's hotels. At one show, he was impressed by three well-behaved teenagers sitting down front with their parents. Danny walked over after the show and said: "You kids have been swell and I'd like to show my appreciation. I'm opening at the Paramount Tuesday and want you to be my guests." One kid immediately piped up: "What's the picture?"



ON THE RADIO I heard a haunting song about a new shampoo: "Dream Girl . . . beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl." Since I was no "dream" in Jim's eyes, it gave me new hope for *my* dull-looking, unruly hair!



HAPPY ME! A noted hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo with magic results. "Use it at home, too," he said. "It's not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new *cream* shampoo with lanolin. It *glamorizes* hair!"

Lonely bachelor-girl becomes a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl



JIM TURNED ROMANTIC . . . the night we dined at his country club. Someone switched on a radio and there was the Dream Girl song. Jim, for the first time, noticed my hair—now so lovely, thanks to my home-shampooing with Lustre-Creme. "Say," he whispered, "that song fits you. How about being my Mrs. Dream Girl?"



For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it *today!*

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor) 919 N. Michigan Ave. ,Chicago, Ill.

You can say "yes" to Romance





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Veto says "no" to Offending!

Veto says "no"

—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Trust always to Veto

if you value

your charm!

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BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓ (F) *ALL MY SONS*—U-1: This tells of the conflict between materialistic Edward G. Robinson and his idealist son, Burt Lancaster. With Mady Christians, Louisa Horton, Howard Duff. (May)

✓ (A) *ANNA KARENINA*—20th Century-Fox: Tolstoy's tale of illicit love with lovely Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson and Kieron Moore. Impressively produced but not keyed to modern tastes. (July)

✓✓ (A) *ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST*—U-I: Fascinating character study of the hateful *Hubbards* of Alabama. With Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Edmond O'Brien, Dan Duryea, Ann Blyth, John Dall, Dona Drake, Betsy Blair. (July)

✓✓ (F) *APRIL SHOWERS*—Warners: Here's a tender, tuneful tribute to the old vaudeville days. Jack Carson, Ann Sothern and young Bobby Ellis are the headliners with Robert Alda and S. Z. Sakall. (May)

✓✓ (A) *ARCH OF TRIUMPH*—Milestone-U-A: A Boyer-Bergman triumph with the emphasis on romance. A dramatic treat with Louis Calhern. (July)

✓ (F) *ARE YOU WITH IT?*—U-I: A minor musical in a carnival setting. With Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan, Martha Stewart. (June)

✓ (F) *BERLIN EXPRESS*—RKO: An exciting espionage tale told in semi-documentary style. With Paul Lukas, Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan. (July)

✓ (F) *B. F.'S DAUGHTER*—M-G-M: John Marquand's New Deal novel has Charles Coburn as the tycoon and Barbara Stanwyck as his daughter. With Richard Hart, Van Heflin, Keenan Wynn. (May)

✓ (F) *BIG CITY*—M-G-M: A tepid story with Margaret O'Brien, George Murphy, Robert Preston, Betty Garrett, Karin Booth. (June)

✓✓ (F) *BIG CLOCK, THE*—Paramount: An exciting story with a topnotch cast including Charles Laughton, Ray Milland, Maureen O'Sullivan, George Macready, Elsa Lanchester. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BRIDE GOES WILD, THE*—M-G-M: June Allyson and Van Johnson go joyriding in a helter-skelter farce. Arlene Dahl, Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel add to the hilarity. (June)

✓✓ (F) *EMPEROR WALTZ, THE*—Paramount: A turn-of-the-century romantic comedy brimming over with wonderful nonsense. With Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine, Richard Haydn. (July)

✓ (F) *FORT APACHE*—RKO: Indian fighting is the theme of this overlong film. With Shirley Temple, Henry Fonda, John Agar, John Wayne. (May)

✓ (F) *FOUR FACES WEST*—Enterprise-U-A: It's romance on the range with Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Charles Bickford, Joseph Calleia. (June)

✓ (F) *FULLER BRUSH MAN, THE*—Columbia: A fast and furious farce with Red Skelton peddling brushes so he can wed Janet Blair. (July)

(A) *HATTER'S CASTLE*—Paramount: Old-fashioned meller with Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Robert Newton. Don't bother. (July)

✓ (A) *HAZARD*—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's gambling fever is so bad, only Macdonald Carey can cure her. A rough-and-tumble game of tag. (June)

✓✓ (F) *HOMECOMING*—M-G-M: Stirring wartime drama with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Anne Baxter, John Hodiak. You'll have a good cry. (July)

(F) *HUNTED, THE*—Allied Artists: Belita skates on thin ice in a story of a girl with a prison record and a detective sweetie, Preston Foster. (June)

✓ (F) *INSIDE STORY, THE*—Republic: A mix-up over money involving Marsha Hunt, William Lundigan, Gene Lockhart, Charles Winninger. (July)

✓✓ (F) *I REMEMBER MAMA*—RKO: John Van Druten's play has been lovingly transcribed to the screen. With Irene Dunne, Oscar Homolka, Philip Dorn, Barbara Bel Geddes. (June)

(F) *LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN*—U-I: It's hearts and flowers in Old Vienna with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. Pretty pointless. (June)

(F) *LIGHTNIN' IN THE FOREST*—Republic: A mediocre slugfest with Lynne Roberts, Warren Douglas, Donald Barry. (July)

(F) *MATING OF MILLIE, THE*—Columbia: Second-rate story of a manless maiden who trades her business suits for something snappier. With Glenn Ford, Evelyn Keyes, Willard Parker. (June)

✓ (F) *MIRACLE OF THE BELLS, THE*—Lasky-RKO: Weepy, sentimental story of a would-be Hollywood star and a press agent who only realizes his love for her when he loses her. With Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra and Lee J. Cobb. (May)

✓✓ (F) *MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE*—Selznick-RKO: Here's a blueprint for laughter with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas. (July)

✓ (F) *NOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE*—Eagle-Lion: A slaphappy farce with Abbott and Costello, Joseph Calleia, Cathy Downs, Leon Errol. (July)

✓ (F) *OCTOBER MAN, THE*—Rank-Eagle Lion: Exciting British whodunit with John Mills, Kay Walsh and Joan Greenwood. (June)

(F) *OLD LOS ANGELES*—Republic: A routine pioneer picture with William Elliott, John Carroll, Joseph Schildkraut, Catherine McLeod, Estelita Rodriguez, Andy Devine. (July)

✓✓ (F) *ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU*—M-G-M: This colorful comedy features Esther Williams, Peter Lawford, Ricardo Montalban, Jimmy Durante, Cyd Charisse, Xavier Cugat's music. (July)

✓ (F) *OPEN SECRET*—Eagle Lion: Anti-Semitism is the theme of a thriller that smacks too much of sensationalism to merit serious attention. With John Ireland, Jane Randolph and Roman Bohnen. (May)

✓✓ (F) *PIRATE, THE*—M-G-M: Judy Garland is a Spanish *senorita*, Gene Kelly a strolling player who poses as a pirate intent on stealing her heart. A colorful musical with Cole Porter songs. (June)

✓ (F) *RIVER LADY*—U-I: Yvonne DeCarlo and Helena Carter chase Rod Cameron in this rousing log-country romance. With Dan Duryea. (July)

✓✓ (F) *ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS*—Warners: A musical funfest with Jack Carson, Janis Paige, Don DeFore, Doris Day, Oscar Levant. (July)

(A) *RUTHLESS*—Eagle Lion: It's thumbs down on this pretentious chronicle of hard-hearted Zachary Scott. With Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, Martha Vickers, Lucille Bremer, Sydney Greenstreet. (June)

✓ (F) *SAINTED SISTERS, THE*—Paramount: An excursion into the past that's divertingly different. With Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald, George Reeves, William Demarest. (June)

✓ (F) *SCUDDA-HOO! SCUDDA-HAY!* — 20th Century-Fox: A Technicolor tale of skulduggery in the barnyard. With Lon McCallister, June Haver, Walter Brennan and Robert Karns. (June)

✓ (F) *SEARCH, THE*—M-G-M: A moving story of Europe's displaced children with Ivan Jandl, Jarmila Novotna, Montgomery Clift, Aline MacMahon. (May)

✓ (F) *SIGN OF THE RAM, THE*—Columbia: Susan Peters returns to the screen as an over-possessive invalid. With Alexander Knox, Peggy Ann Garner, Allene Roberts, Ross Ford. (May)

✓ (F) *SILVER RIVER*—Warners: A sprawling brawling Western with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Tom D'Andrea and Thomas Mitchell. (June)

✓✓ (F) *SITTING PRETTY*—20th Century-Fox: A laugh-loaded comedy with Clifton Webb, Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara, Richard Haydn. (May)

✓ (F) *SMART WOMAN*—Bennett-Allied Artists: Criminal lawyer Constance Bennett defends racketeer Barry Sullivan. With Otto Kruger, Brian Aherne, James Gleason, Michael O'Shea. (June)

✓ (F) *SO THIS IS NEW YORK*—Enterprise-UA: Henry Morgan makes his film debut in an uneven comedy. With Virginia Grey, Dona Drake, Jerome Cowan, Hugh Herbert, Rudy Vallee. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *STATE OF THE UNION*—M-G-M: This behind-the-scenes glimpse of politicians is one of the season's best with prize performances by Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Angela Lansbury, Van Johnson, Adolphe Menjou. (July)

(F) *STRAWBERRY ROAN, THE*—Columbia: A lightweight Western with Gene Autry, Jack Holt, Gloria Henry. (July)

✓ (F) *THREE DARING DAUGHTERS*—M-G-M: Jeanette MacDonald's back and Jose Iturbi is chasing her. With Jane Powell and Edward Arnold. (May)

✓ (F) *TO THE VICTOR*—Warners: A French-flavored spy story with Dennis Morgan and Viveca Lindfors. (June)

✓ (F) *UP IN CENTRAL PARK*—U-1: A mild musical romance, with Deanna Durbin, Vincent Price, Dick Haymes. (July)

(A) *WINTER MEETING*—Warners: Poor Bette Davis is a lovelorn lady whose romance with James Davis is nipped in the bud by too much talk. (July)

✓ (F) *WOMAN IN WHITE, THE*—Warners: Creepy Victorian meller beautifully acted by "cousins" Eleanor Parker and Alexis Smith and their formidable opponent, Sydney Greenstreet. (June)

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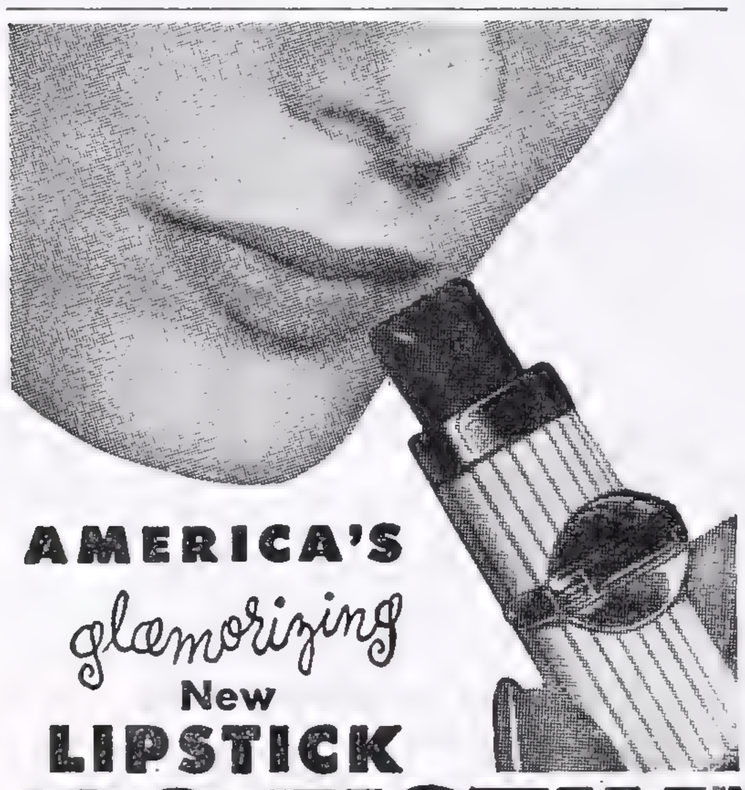


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Cheers and Jeers:

I was really amazed at Elsa Branden's review of "The Miracle of the Bells." I disagree very strongly. I think the picture as well as Frank Sinatra deserves an Oscar.

Frank in "Miracle" is very humble and kind like a typical American priest. He isn't happy-go-lucky and running around singing love songs as Crosby did.

JOAN FITZGERALD
Palo Alto, Cal.

After all this time you have finally given us a story on John Garfield but it was certainly worth it. "John's Other Life" by Mrs. John Garfield was written with wit and humor and was wonderful.

Here's to more and more stories on "The Cigarette"—John Garfield.

BENITA BIRD
Trinidad, Colo.

I heard a Hollywood commentator report that Lauren Bacall was placed on suspension by her studio because she refused to wear a bathing suit in one of her pictures. Miss Bacall stated she didn't look well in a bathing suit—she wasn't the type.

Has she ever looked at herself in the mirror or is she just being coy? Anyone can see that Lauren Bacall has one of the most terrific figures in Hollywood. Someone should tell her about it. Maybe Bogie will.

ROSEMARY WEIR
Long Beach, Cal.

My heartiest congratulations for your most beautiful cover to date. Your portrait of Lana Turner was out of this world. With your scoop photos of glamorous Lana, this will surely prove beyond doubt that Hollywood's most beautiful woman is Lana Turner.

RICHARD ARNOLD JR.
La Plata, Mo.

I'm a great admirer of Ingrid Bergman and think she is beautiful and wholesome. But where did you get that horrible picture of her in June Photoplay? How wholesome can one get?

MARGARET HALE
Benton Harbor, Mich.

I saw "Gone with the Wind" again last night for my third time and enjoyed every minute of it. Three cheers for Gable! There will never be another like him. Keep him busy.

JOAN ECKHARDT
Aledo, Ill.

I just received the May issue of Photoplay and I am very surprised at the statement made by Joan Wahlin of Quebec. In my opinion June Allyson is a wonderful person. She seems to be one of us, the audience. She may lack false beauty, such as Miss Turner's but she sure has natural beauty. When one of her pictures comes around our neighborhood, every one is left talking about her. Of course Miss Turner has a lot more acting ability but don't forget, she has been in Hollywood much longer.

Miss Allyson has personality which is something I think Miss Turner lacks! So here's to my Junie.

JOAN KORAN
Cleveland, Ohio

Question and Correction:

What is the name of Louis Jourdan's wife? In April in "Inside Stuff" she is mentioned as "Qui Que" and in your May issue Hyatt Downing says Jourdan married Berthe, his childhood sweetheart. Which name is right?

EDITH ANN HENDRIX
Horatio, Ark.

Both are correct. "Qui Que" (pronounced Keek) is Mrs. Jourdan's nickname, Berthe her given name.

May I correct Elsa Maxwell's story in the June issue, "Oh Those Hollywood Parties." She said that for Joan Crawford's party at the Papillon, it was a bower of pink gardenias. There are no such things as pink gardenias. If what she is referring to is in the vase in the picture, they are camellias.

MRS. IRENE PANCOAST
Portland, Ore.

Our horticultural face is certainly red—or should we say camellia pink. The flowers for the Crawford party were pink camellias.

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

Are you in the know?



Would a smart "red head" wear—

- ☐ *Pink*
- ☐ *Orange*
- ☐ *Cerise*

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-sh!) *pink*—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any *pale* pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex! Find the one for *you.*



What's your winning weapon?

- ☐ *Sharp chatter*
- ☐ *Samba know-how*
- ☐ *That starry-eyed look*

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center.* Your secret weapon against secret woes!



If delayed beyond your deadline—

- ☐ *Bunk at Katie's house*
- ☐ *Call the family*
- ☐ *Head home without 'phoning*

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save *yourself,* at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

☐ *Fair play* ☐ *All's fair in love* ☐ *Leave the field to Sue*

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of *new* Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (*Poise,* also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)



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- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

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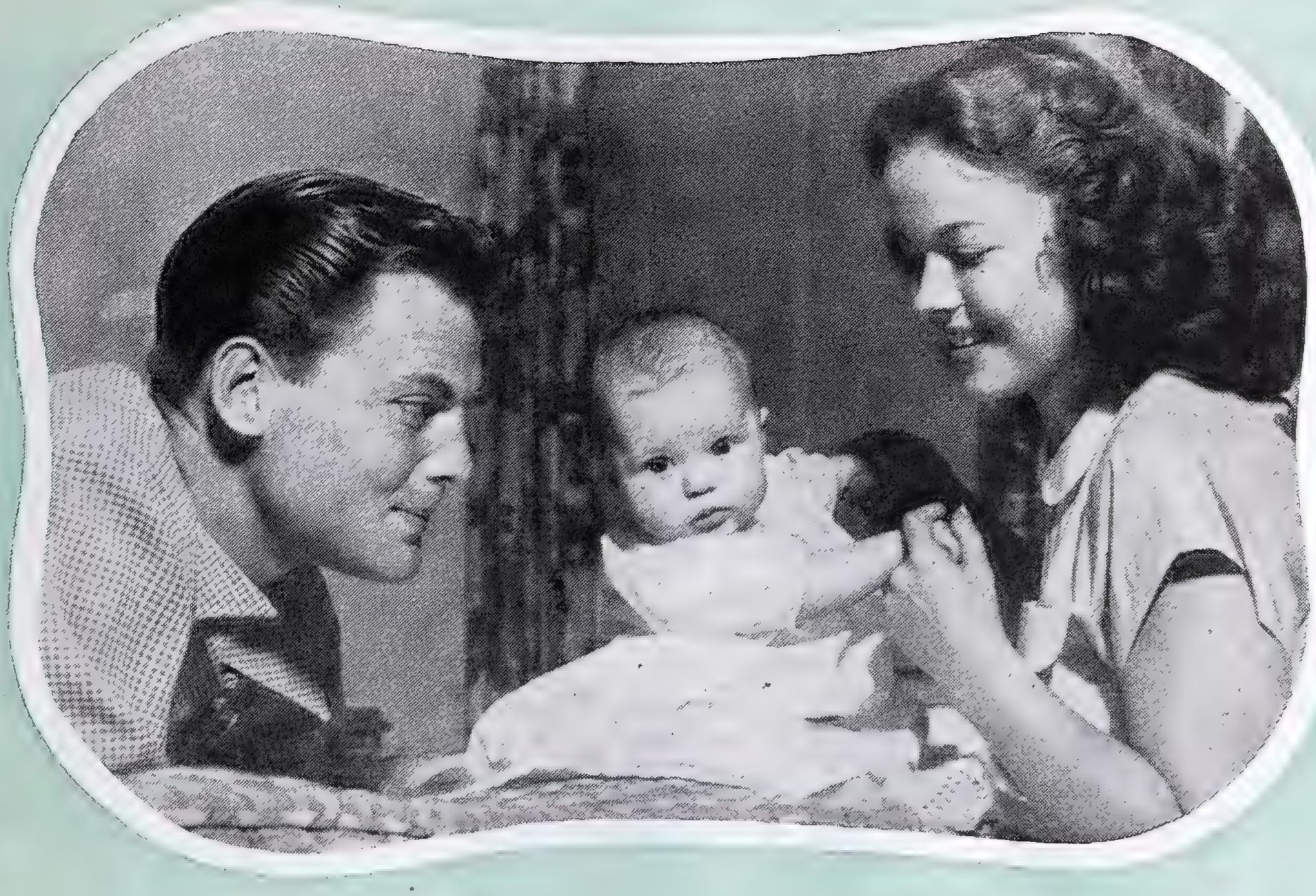
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The Agars of Hollywood: John, Linda Susan and Shirley

Temple Lullaby

A lifelong friend visits the Agar nursery. And leaves with a song in her heart

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I FIRST met Miss Linda Susan Agar, Hollywood's most famous baby, over the bathtub—hers, not mine. The important meeting took place at a seven o'clock breakfast with Miss Agar's mother, rather well known in her own right as Shirley Temple.

I was just lifting an eye-opening cup of coffee to my lips when we heard a little cry. Like a shot, Shirley was up from the table and into the nursery.

In a moment she called, "Come on in and meet 'Susie'." So in I went.

There was Shirley's baby gurgling and splashing in her tub. She looked at me with one eye and started crying. Could she have known that young that I was there to interview her?

The nurse lifted her out of the water, wrapped her in an enormous towel and handed her to me.

"Hold her tight," said the beaming Mrs. Agar. "Keep her back straight." Now I ask you! This, to me, a mother long before I was a reporter. But at that moment I was much too interested in getting my first close-up of Linda Susan to remind Shirley of that fact.

What a darling Shirley's baby is. Her eyes are very blue, although Shirley says at times they are brown and may change because "all babies have blue eyes when they are born." (Another bit of information I already knew.) But it wasn't until I started walking the floor with her that I really got a set of orders.

The new mother said, very firmly, "You don't do that with babies today. You will spoil her."

Frankly, I don't know which one was amusing me most—the baby or the mother. But I was keeping my mind on my business—one of the most important points being to find

Temple Lullaby



The Agar homesite: John and his "Shirl" appear together in "Fort Apache"



Shirley, with her boxer "Chris," has big family plans for the future

out for you whether or not Shirley's baby looks like Shirley.

She does, right down to that dimple in the cheek which helped make Shirley the most beloved little girl in the world. And it is in exactly the same place. Just the day before, Shirley's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Temple, had discovered it.

"Mother was so pleased," laughed the brand-new mother. "Watch now. When Susie smiles you can see the dimple." Sure enough, there it came, cute as could be—just like Shirley's when I first saw her at the age of three.

Suddenly, I felt more sentimental than I have ever felt before on an interview. Sentimental, happy and even a little sad that this beautiful happiness that is Shirley Temple's life story cannot happen to every girl in the world.

Shirley looked little more than a



Little heiress to happiness: When "Susie" smiles the years roll back

baby, herself, sitting across from me after we returned to our interrupted breakfast. That slender little figure in the black dress with a beige jumper might have been that of a youngster of sixteen instead of Mrs. John Agar, a "matron" of twenty. She shines with happiness and her newly acquired maturity. I am sure she would have been surprised to know what a shock she seemed to me in her greatest role of mother.

"What about Linda Susan? Will she be another child actress as you were?" I asked.

Her answer came quickly, "No, I doubt it. John and I expect to have other children soon—we hope. You see, I was born so long after my brothers that my mother could afford to devote all her time to me, my singing and dancing lessons, taking me to the studio, remaining on the set and giving me all the attention that a child star demands.

"But John and I want other children born closer to Linda Susan—two more at least. And it wouldn't be fair to devote all of our time to one in the family and let the others just grow up like *Topsy*—do you see what I mean?"

Perhaps I saw more clearly than she intended. Back of what she said, so simply expressed, was an unspoken desire to share in a family life that would be just a big happy unit—not a glamorized version of everything centered around one individual. Behind her words I sensed her deep, undying gratitude to her mother who made such amazing sacrifices to a daughter's career.

It has been whispered that, even after marriage, Shirley is still very dependent on her mother. But this I really doubt. As though Shirley had read my mind, she said, "Mother is such a wise woman. When I was expecting my baby—and still able to be in a picture—Mother went with me to the studio. She felt there were so many physical things she could help me with and spare me. But when I retired to await the baby's birth and John was with me constantly, she said her job was over.

"As a matter of fact, John's mother lives nearby," she laughed, "and we both come in for a bit of bossing. But we were kidding them the other night. Now *we* have someone to boss—or will have as soon as Susie is old enough to be told to eat her spinach!"

Several weeks ago I interviewed John Agar for a Sunday story. He then told me it was silly to think that he and "Shirl" (he never calls his wife anything but that) never had an (*Continued on page* 99)

I Remember Irene

Fragile as Dresden, strong as steel—with a warmth that has Loretta Young revising an old theory about friendship

BY LORETTA YOUNG



Tom Lewis



Loretta Young



Irene Dunne



Frank Griffin

IRENE DUNNE and I are friends and this is a special blessing to me. The quality of this friendship, its warmth and strength are because of Irene's extraordinarily generous qualities, not mine.

I grew up in the studios and some things I grew realistic about. One was personal friendship between actresses. I accepted, after disappointments, the fact that such friendship could not exist. Dear and pleasant acquaintances were mine by the score—contacts which continued delightfully, socially, as the years progressed. But I was convinced it was too much to expect that the kind of peaceful, giving devotion which true friends have for each other could exist between two feminine members of this competitive business. Irene Griffin was the first to unlock that conviction.

I don't remember when we first met. I just remember that shortly after the exciting entrance of Tom Lewis into my life and date-book and future, he said one evening, "I know one of the most charming women—Irene Dunne."

There was deep admiration in his tone, his expression. First off, I didn't like the idea of either. Not too angelic, am I! With the next breath I dismissed the resistance I'd felt. I'd seen Irene Dunne on the screen, I admired her work tremendously. Now among the gifts Tom Lewis was to bring into my life was friendship with her and that strong and gentle man who is her husband.

So we met. And I do not remember where or when or what was said. Because it seems today that I have known them always.

The Irene I know is as vague as the absent-minded professor—and as adroit. She's as casual as a Noel Coward heroine and as conscientious as a Salvation Army missionary. She's as fragile as Dresden and as strong as steel.

Vague and adroit. . . (*Continued on page* 94)

Albin

High Score: Irene Dunne of "I Remember Mama" and daughter Mary Frances

I SAW A STAR

The name didn't mean a thing—then. But he has never changed his mind about the man

BY MERVYN LE ROY



Gable and director Mervyn Le Roy provide the laughs, Anne Baxter the fun on "Homecoming" set

HE'S all man. All real. Nothing phony or arty about him. He's direct, genuine and honest. Crew members who have worked with him since his early days in pictures, call him "the sweetest guy in the world." That sums up Clark Gable very neatly: He's rugged and regular but there is kindness and sweetness in his nature.

It seems incredible in a closely knit industry such as ours that Gable and I have just made our first picture together. It's a bit ironic, in fact, for I gave him his first screen test. Let's resort to the flash-back . . .

It's 1930. I am casting "Little Caesar" for Warners-First National. The play "The Last Mile," which earlier in the year had made a star of Spencer Tracy on the Broadway stage, is opening at the old Majestic Theater in Los Angeles. A tough, (*Continued on page* 79)



A man of action, he still manages an incredible amount of reading

Rugged and regular: Clark Gable of "Command Decision"

Engstead



when they need

In Hollywood, where you can be popular but still lonely,

star confidences are often given to the most unexpected people

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Agnes Flanagan is the exception to the Bette Davis rule



Jim Fleming stands-in well with friend Errol Flynn



It was secretary Bill Gallagher who proxied for Ty Power on a recent occasion

a friend

MOST people think of motion picture stars as moving in the most glamorous circles. You see them pictured at night clubs with each other, going to swank parties together. Yet when they really need a friend, on whom do they depend? Their paid stand-ins, hairdressers, secretaries, press agents and magazine writers.

For instance, when Lana Turner got married, who was her matron of honor? A magazine writer. When Susan Hayward got married, who stood up for her? Her press agent. When Bette Davis had an operation, who was the last person she saw before taking the anesthetic? Her hairdresser. When Tyrone Power's girl, Linda Christian, got into trouble with the immigration authorities, who bailed her out and fronted for her custody? Ty's secretary.

And Esther Williams, the all-American girl. When she married Ben Gage, who threw (*Continued on page 77*)



Reverse roles: Betty Grable and hairdresser Marie Brasselle

When Ingrid Bergman needs help, Joe Steele stands by





Martha Giddings keeps friend Ann Sheridan in stitches









SHE SAYS IT WITH MUSIC

Talent without temperament—with Technicolor dreams and a yen for riding handlebars—that's June Haver

BY HERB HOWE

THAT sparkling whizz-fizz bearing the label Haver is a split atom of harnessed energy. She has been busy as a firebug from the summer she was born. A squirt of creative fury, she is one of those tykes born with what we call genius when the stuff sells. And Miss Haver's sells.

She sings, acts, dances, writes, composes songs and symphonies and paints landscapes that make hay for Haver.

Firefly Junie had no time for the Greatest Thing In The World—the human male—until she was thirteen.

Love coming thus late swung a cruel hay-maker at the elderly Miss Haver. She aspired to the handlebars of Mr. Dick Johnson, likewise thirteen.

"No career girl for me," snorted Mr. Johnson, pedalling away.

Miss Haver stood stricken by the problem of Career vs. Handlebars. She had not thought of herself as a Career Girl. But she was. She played the piccolo. That wasn't all. The piccolo was just the start of her careering off at the age of six.

Junie was born in the month of June to hearts and flowers and music. Her fingers magnetically rippled over the instruments in her uncle's music store. When she was six her uncle gave her a piccolo fitted with a child lip (*Continued on page* 100)

Firefly Junie: her next picture is "Silver Lining"

Portrait by Fink-Smith
Ballet photos by McCarthy



Fraker

Tyrolean Troubadour: He's Irish and he's lovable—Bing Crosby of "The Emperor Waltz"

Bing's My Dish

He's out of this world, said the Duchess and the Duke nodded agreement, but King Bing didn't want to be a social lion



by *that famous party giver and columnist*

elsa maxwell

IT WAS a fantastic party. The three hundred and fifty Greenbriar guests were so famous internationally that press representatives from all over the world reported the scene for several days. Who proved the social lion? It was a man, not young, not handsome. He spent most of his time in an old blue serge suit, yellow socks, a tired felt hat and sport shirts. Bing Crosby, of course. Who else?

Bing is one Hollywood star who never has forgotten how to play. You won't find him cracking up with nerves or alcohol or ulcers. Being the great movie and radio star that he has become is important to Bing. But he has never lost sight of the fact that radio and movies are only two things in a world full of things. He's never forgotten the fun of keeping a box score at the ball game. He can always remember how the sun feels on your shoulders on the golf links, the smell of the stables and the excitement of the track, the fight a fish can give. Even as I write I am thinking of more than a dozen stars who I wish would take a lesson from Bing. They concentrate so on their career, three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in the year, that they no longer are the performers or human beings they might be.

"Which do you like better," I asked Bing one day, "golf or horses?" (*Continued on page* 90)



A pretty green note: Paulette Goddard with Bing

i was there



Sleuth Hymie trailed Ty Power and Linda Christian to a corner of the Beverly Hills Tropics



Just two people at a table, yet

behind them a tale of romance

that makes this a moment

to remember

BY HYMIE FINK

EVERY Hollywood photographer has been trying for months to get a shot of Ty Power and Linda Christian. Ty, you know, is strictly a home body, so he and Linda don't frequent the regular spots. It also could be they don't need crowds.

Well, the other night around the dinner hour, I was on Santa Monica Boulevard when a slick convertible dashed by. It was Ty's, I knew. That was all I needed! At once I started a round of those cafes where he and Linda would be likely to go—and found them at the Beverly Hills Tropics.

Ty's always nice. And Linda, I found, very sweet—also too pretty for a photographer to describe in any way except the one he knows best—with his camera. So take a look!



Future competition! Errol gave Sean Flynn, his son by Lili Damita, replicas of the sword and costume that he wears in "The Adventures of Don Juan"

The dashing Errol can't hide the fact he's exchanged his seven-

league boots for house slippers and is having a lot of fun raising—a family

BY SARA HAMILTON



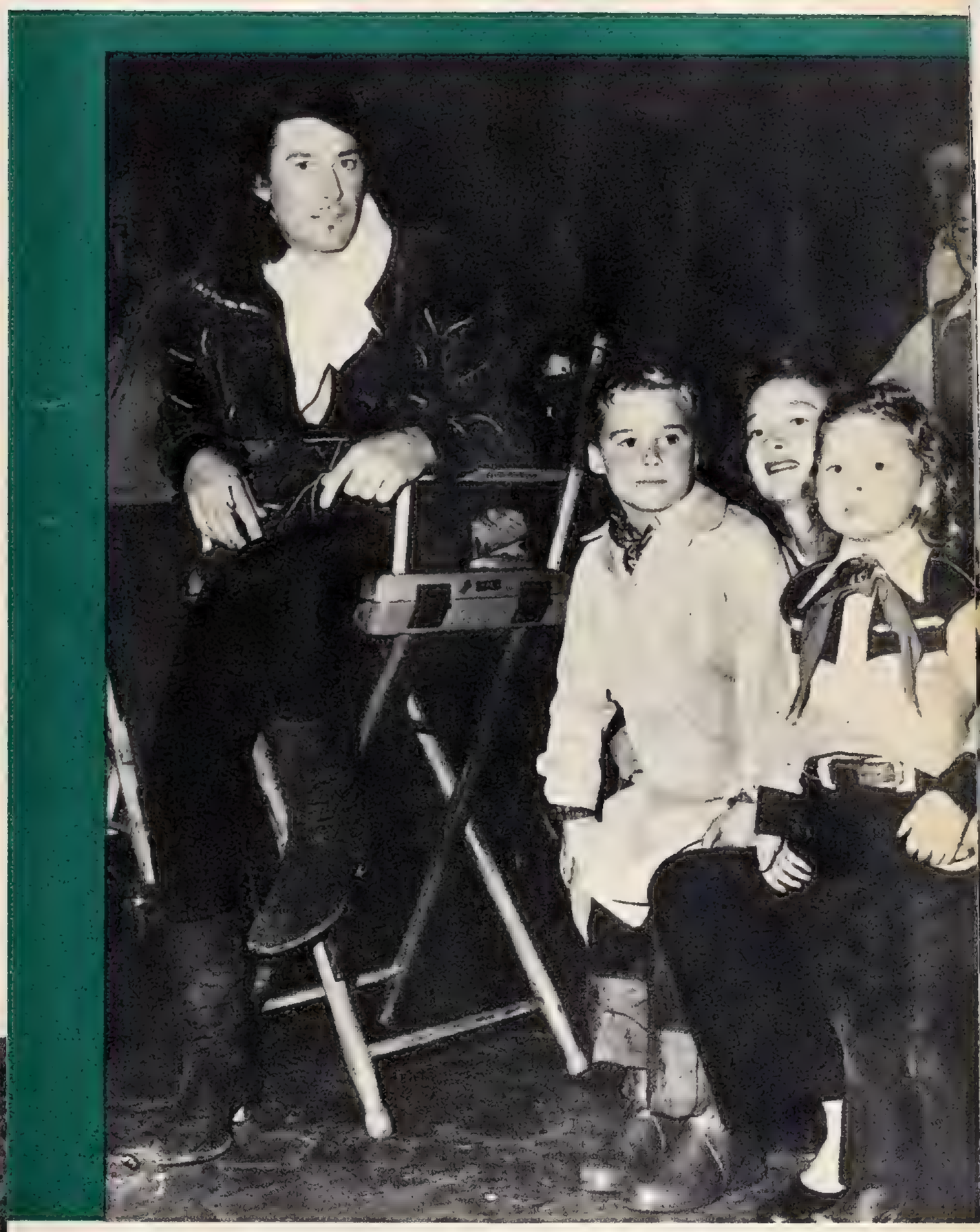
the mickey flynn

"I'VE been reading your story about me," Errol Flynn said, returning this manuscript to us. There were funny little hentracks scribbled all over our neatly typed pages—scribbling between lines and up the margins.

"These hentracks?" we gasped.

Errol feigned innocence.

We held the manuscript under the Flynns' living-room lamp. Where we had referred to Errol as "handsome" he had scribbled, "Shucks, kid, you tell Gable the same d—— thing." We read the remark and simply rose above it. Errol, we suspected, was trying to bait us, hoping to stir us up to a minor ruction—the kind he enjoys in others. We had written of his adventures, from the time he was born in Hobart, (*Cont'd on page* 97)



Errol, Sean, wife Nora and Deidre on set of "Don Juan"



SHE'S MY DREAM

She's got the calm that charms. It's the way she listens that has Grant talking



A day with Myrna on "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" had Cary looking for an Oscar!

WIFE

BY CARY GRANT

I OPENLY confess I am in love with a married woman. She is just about the most married woman in existence. In public life, she is the ideal wife of the world-wide movie public. In private life she is the ideal wife of Gene Markey, himself a very ideal gentleman and an excellent provider, being a most distinguished producer-writer.

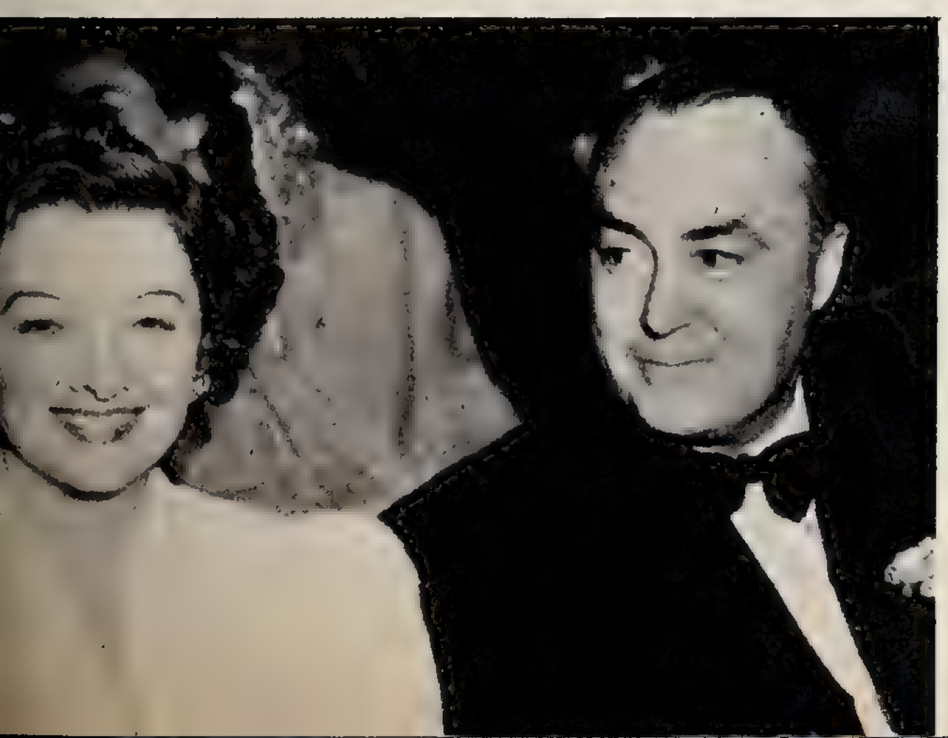
But on screen, this wonder wife has been mine, lately. For her alone I gave up being a bachelor in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." I never made a more eager sacrifice. It led as naturally as the night to the day that she would become my *Mrs. Blandings,* the doll for whom I built a Dream House.

You call her Myrna Loy. I call her Myrna Loy, too. I can think of swooning things I could call her, if only that Markey hadn't cut in before me. Such tragedies happen to me. Why I can't apply my screen technique to my private life bewilders me. I wonder if it could have anything to do with my own lines being less smooth than the lines the writers give me in a scenario? A bitter thought, that. I'll pursue it no longer.

Myrna's lines are pleasanter to think about, (*Continued on page* 74)



Sweet and sentimental, she looks fragile but isn't



The ideal wife in private with husband Gene Markey

One Touch Of Venus

Ava Gardner, 1948 model, prefers

slacks to Grecian robes, but runs

true to form when it comes

to the masculine heart

VENUS comes to life.

Time—A. D. 1948.

Place—"One Touch of Venus" set.

Venus—Ava Gardner, starring in the screen version of the Broadway success.

During production, Ava—whose portable dressing room was flanked by the portable rooms of co-stars Dick Haymes and Robert Walker—took plenty of good-natured ribbing. The walls of the rooms were paper thin and visitors who came to see Ava frequently were surprised to hear their questions answered in deep, masculine voices—belonging to Dick Haymes and Robert Walker, of course.

When Venus wasn't draped in silk jersey, she lounged in slacks and shirtwaists—her favorite off-stage outfit. Most of her leisure was spent with Howard Duff, a frequent visitor on the set.

The charms of Venus *still* are irresistible.



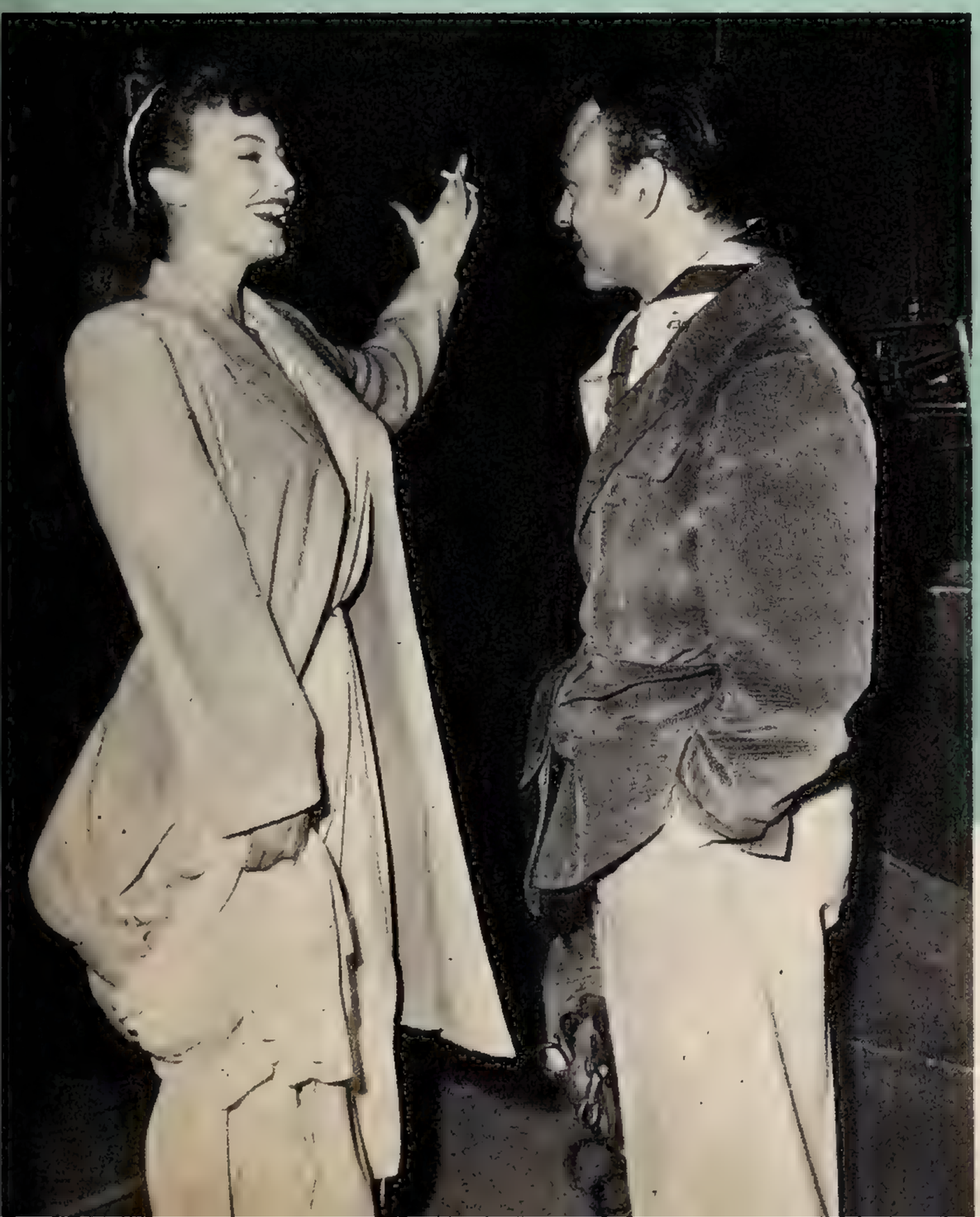
Chilled charm: Statue shots were made in Hollywood's coldest weather. Ava posed over a heater

Nice work: Bob Walker, who plays a window dresser in "One Touch of Venus," kisses the goddess to life





Classic chassis—but with arms. The Venus of Milo was never like this!



Complete with gestures! Ava shows dance director Billy Daniels a new twist to an old trick



Double-take of Venus. Ava was model for the Nicolosi statue, insured for $200,000

My Kids, The Kellys

They eat hot dogs at midnight and ruin their lawn playing baseball. But to Gene as well as Betsy she's a mother-in-love



Gene Kelly as the strolling actor in "The Pirate"



BY FREDERICA BOGER

The way Gene saw it, Betsy was too pretty for college



I AM that seemingly unique individual, a doting mother-in-law. Very doting —and why not? If every son-in-law was like Gene Kelly, it would put an end to those horrible mother-in-law jokes.

Gene never calls me "mother-in-law." In conversation, he always uses my nickname, "Fritz." But on the cards he encloses with gifts and flowers and in telegrams (Gene *never* writes letters), he addresses me as *"La Belle Mere,"* the more endearing name used by the French.

Just as Gene makes of the relationship between us something friendly and fine (fun, too!) so he does with every relationship he shares. All you need do is be with Betsy and Kerry when Gene comes home from work to know how he rates as a husband and father. You'd think they were expecting royalty! Stationed at a front window—the two of them all brushed and shining—the instant Gene is sighted in his car, they *fly* to the door. They're both in his arms before he can call out "Betso!" and "Where's my Kerry?"

Gene has that quality about him that is so sincere, so honest, so straightforward. When (*Continued on page* 75)



Kerry, a carbon copy of Gene, got her name from Daddy during the middle of a dance step!

Low chairs put together form a couch and a focal point for Paulette Goddard's art collection



The curtain draping on the wall is simple to make—lends dramatic emphasis to Buzz's room

Note the steps that lead out to the terrace from Paulette's favorite "after dinner coffee corner"



STAR *in your* HOME

Small apartments can be made versatile, comfortable and the furniture that suits them today can be the basis for your larger home of tomorrow



The glitter of gold and white plaid drapes lends a gay, light touch to Paulette's room



Exterior of the Meredith apartment. The terrace was formerly only a roof



by *that famous Hollywood director and decorator*

mitch leisen

THIS Leisen lecture will entirely concern itself with turning a very ordinary set of rooms into an apartment of chic and comfort. It takes imagination, time, some good carpentry and only as much money as you wish to lay out. But a lady or gentleman with finesse and good taste can turn the trick.

By way of proving my point, I invite you to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Meredith, who live in the Hollywood apartment house which I own. When I began redecorating Paulette Goddard Meredith's apartment I had only bare, square rooms to work with—badly scaled windows in the bedroom and a hunk of empty roof over the apartment below. The doors throughout the apartment were those standard, ugly doors that come out in mill lots.

My original step in turning the tiresome to the pleasant was to cover those doors with eight-inch veneer, making them as distinctive as a "simple black dress from Paris." Any good carpenter can do this for you. The cost is reasonable and it automatically gives a "custom-built" air to a room.

The next problem was to make the small windows look big. This can be achieved by hanging the draperies straight from the ceiling, with French pleats as a heading instead of a valance. In Paulette's room, I used gold and white plaid with cream under-curtains. Sounds terrible but it isn't, as you can see. In Buzz's room, I kept to a plain, light silk and (*Continued on page* 96)



Veronica Lake of "Isn't It Romantic?" and Andre de Toth, director of "The Pitfall"

MARRIAGE IS



Their San Fernando Valley ranch-type house as it is today. Veronica and Andre are continually changing and rebuilding it



Someday they may have a cow—now they have one horse named "Bishop"—a gift to Andre from Veronica

SUCH FUN



Being the husband of Veronica Lake gave him a house without a roof, a swimming pool (on paper), a fine view of a neighbor's sheep and a chance to laugh at a marriage quiz test!

BY ANDRE DE TOTH

THE trouble with marriage is that there are too many experts writing about the troubles of marriage.

I am therefore happy to write on the subject of my union with the lady known as Veronica Lake, because I am not at all an expert. However, I do have a theory. The more expert you are about matrimony, the worse the danger. If you know nothing at all, you have very little chance of running into an insurmountable crisis.

For instance, Mrs. de Toth has never broken a courtship promise, nor have I.

This remarkable state of affairs exists because we never made any promises. That is why Veronica and I have nothing to gain in our marriage—but we have everything to lose.

For instance, among the things I didn't promise while I was not promising, was to be cheerful when interrupted in the middle of important work. That accounts for the following scene:

Veronica: (on telephone) Darling, I've found it!

Andre: Found it? You've lost something?

Veronica: Don't be silly.

Andre: Don't be silly? (*Continued on page* 91)

Their swimming pool will be near the living room window—but far enough away so guests won't be tempted to drop in!





Party

Fashion nosegays from the

THE dress of the month made its appearance at the "party of the month." I mean the twentieth wedding anniversary shindig that the Bob Montgomerys gave in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Even in a room full of gorgeously gowned women Donna Reed's lovely dancing frock can't be topped for daintiness and simplicity. The very decolleté bodice of embroidered organdy has tiny shoulder straps, a deep v-neckline and little buttons down the front. The skirt of white organza over taffeta is enormously full toward the bottom. The stiffness of the underskirt certainly gives it enough swish and stand-outness, but then there's the very wide graduating band of embroidered

Dainty decolleté: The simplicity of white organdy, the whisper of taffeta in the underskirt, make Donna Reed's lovely dancing frock outstanding and the prize fashion of the month in this dress-up summer season

Promenade



by *Photoplay's Reporter-about-town*
edith gwynn

Hollywood midsummer merry-go-round

organdy repeated toward the hemline, which certainly created a stunning effect when Donna danced or walked. It's a knockout dress, too, for showing off a golden tan. Donna's platform sandals of white satin, a white fox stole and a few pearls completed this "midsummer night's dream of a dress."

Roz Russell was an eye-catcher at the same soireé in a heavenly gown of pink satin. (How that gal loves the rose and red tones!) It was super-luxurious with a tremendous skirt. But the real news about her costume was the wonderful little cape-to-the-waist that went over the dress. The cape was edged in sable.

The gals talked for many a day after over the lovely little touches the Montgomerys provided at this event. About the trouble they went to to seat 350 people with place cards at the various flower-decked tables. And about the little nosegays that were given to each girl from which dangled little white satin hearts with 1928-1948 inscribed on them. At the end of dinner, the enormous wedding cake was cut with Bob's own Navy sword. Freddie Karger and his small, hot band, which are so in demand at a lot of Hollywood parties lately, played a lot of old tunes until dawn.

A wedding party that set the town on its ear was for Mocambo's owner, good looking Charlie Morrison and his bride who had been wed that after- (*Continued on page* 87)



Holiday hit: Marguerite Chapman designed this white wool suit for her trip to Honolulu

Provocative peasant: Elizabeth Taylor has old-world charm in dainty black lace and taffeta





Jaunty jacket: Joan Caulfield's navy cutaway coat is lined with same red-white-and-blue checked taffeta as her blouse



Todos Santos has canneries *and* an Andrews fan club

DANA

His sails were set for adventure



Dana gets an eagle eye as he climbs the rugged coastline of San Benitos to examine a nest



Unusual rock formations catch Dana's eye as they sail around the Gulf of California



Dana, Navigator Bill Oleson on left, Dana's brother Charles

ON DECK

—and his heart was, too

Photographs by Arthur Wehry

ABOARD the Vileehi, Dana Andrews, his brothers and friends sailed the coast of Mexico to find adventure—and film a travelogue. Dana found more adventure than he'd bargained for when he was trapped by the incoming tide while hiking at West San Benitos and had to climb over a sheer cliff of jagged rocks.

Home again, Dana has suggested to his studio that he be cast in a movie filmed aboard the Vileehi. Such a yacht costs a lot of money even when it lies idle. And should Twentieth follow Dana's suggestion, they would pay him a handsome rental.

Here's to the Vileehi's screen voyage. It will be exciting—with Dana on deck!



The Andrews brothers, Charles, Dana and William, hire the good boat Garnet for deep sea fishing



The Vileehi ran into strong currents at Magdalena Bay. Dana, at the wheel house, directs sail hoisting

PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE

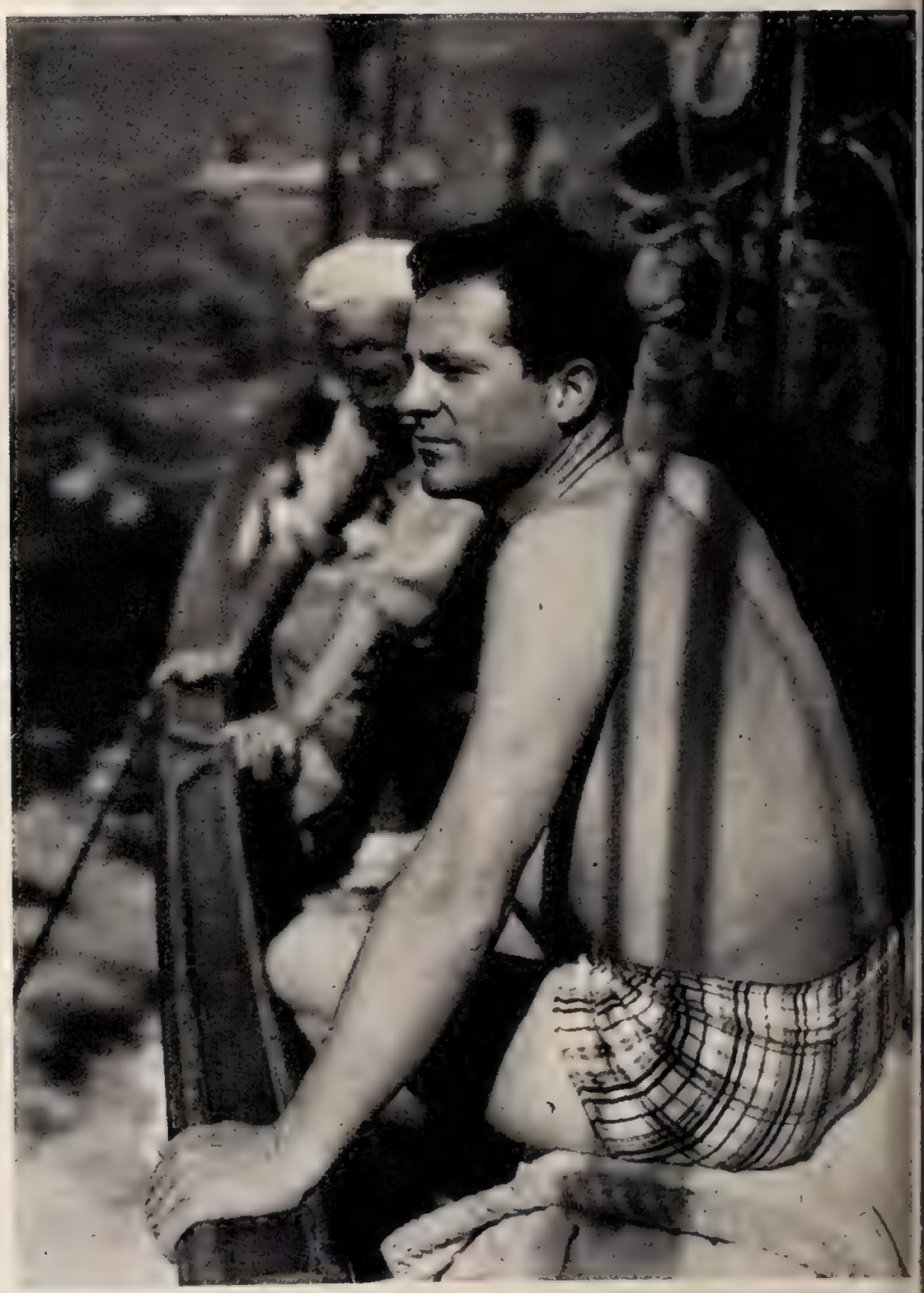


Movie star turns movie director: Dana supervises shots for the travelogue as they move into a new harbor

PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE



Family rehashing session: Dana has been recalled by his studio to go into production of "No Minor Vices"



Puerto Escondido: Dana waits for anchor to be dropped before he dives in

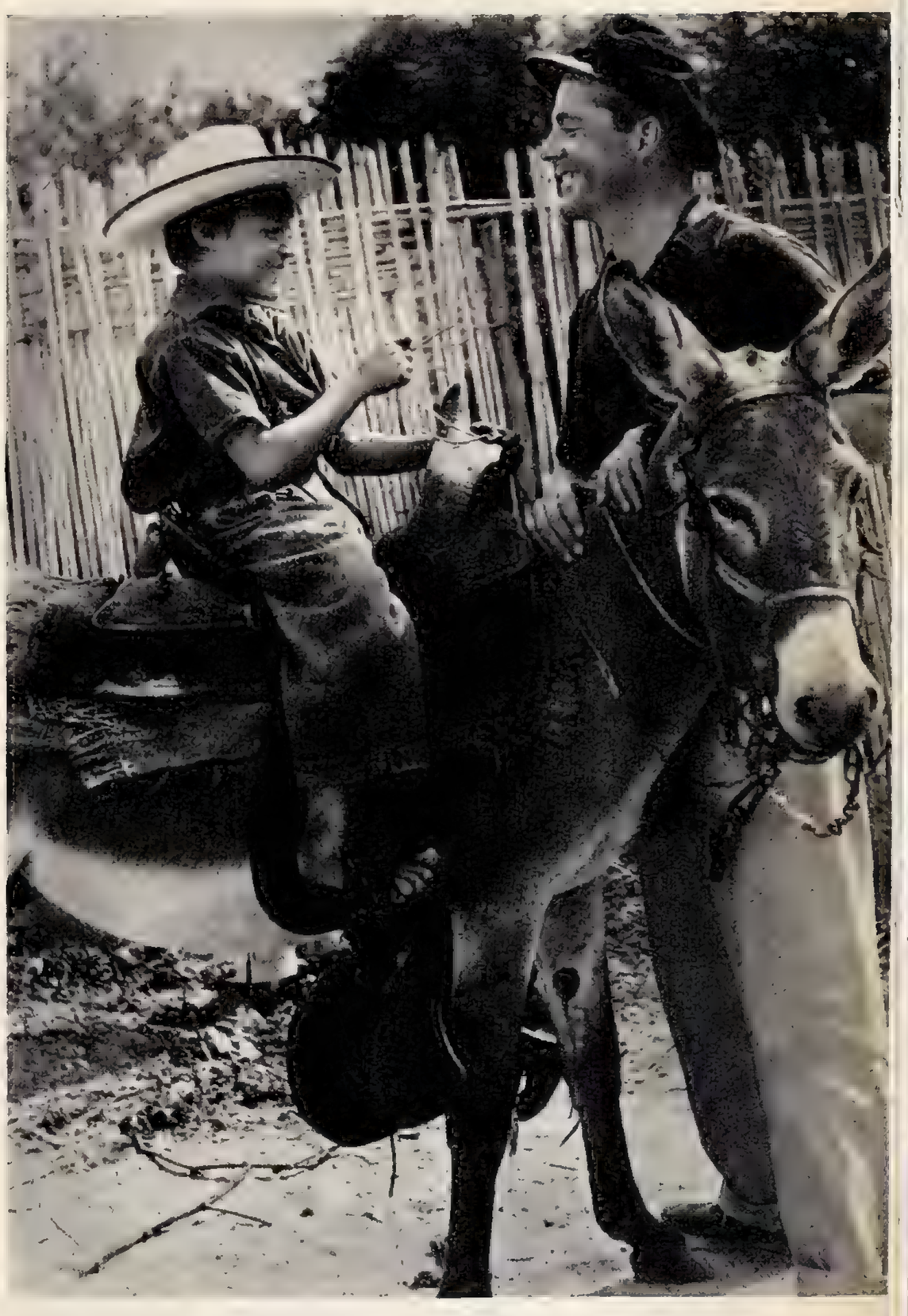


The baby sea elephants on West San Benitos Island prove neither camera-shy nor temperamental



The fish that didn't get away struck off Cape San Lucas. It was 150 pounds of marlin—and Dana has pictures to prove it!





A small native boy explains to Dana that his donkey has a name—it's "Burro"

Rory Calhoun

His studio thinks he'll get hotter and hotter

Six



Six

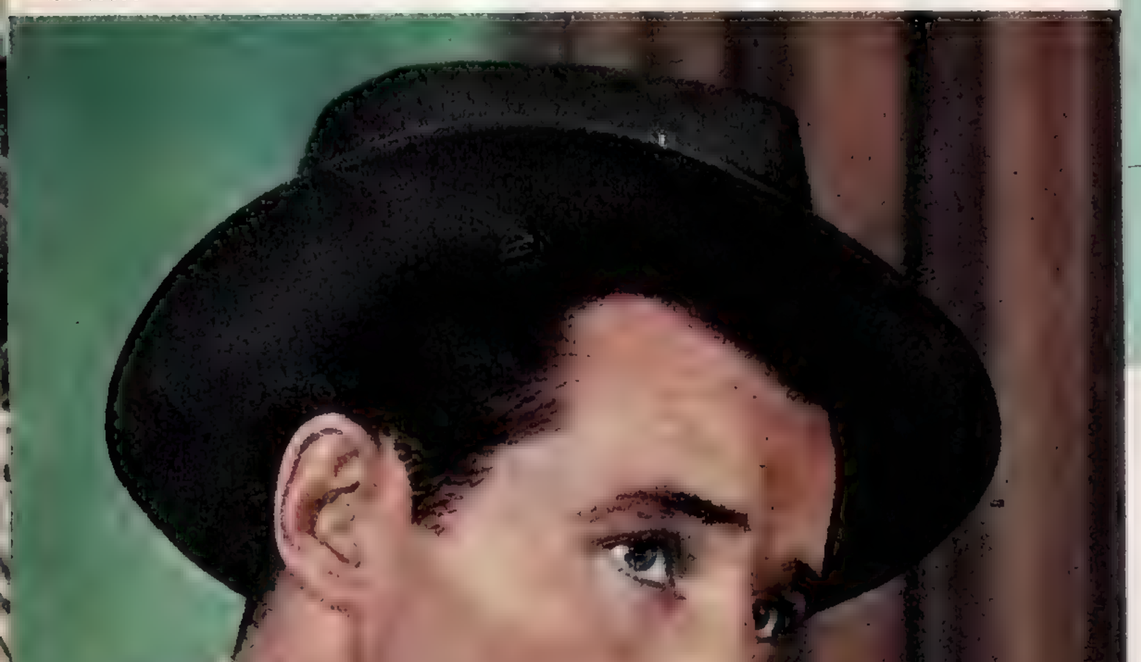
Viveca Lindfors

Trained in the same school as Bergman

Howard Duff

Dark and intense, he makes girls swoon

Smith



Geraldine Brooks

Her family's rich, but she's ambitious

Six



CHOOSE

They all have one thing in common—

the spark it takes to become a star. But not

all will be winners. Place your bets

for your favorites on Page 72





YOUR STAR

THERE is a box-office revolution going on in Hollywood. You, the Public, are the cause of it. You, who choose stars or break them.

You know, even better than Hollywood, that new stars are needed. You are proving that by staying away in droves from even good pictures that feature the older stars. As for passé stars in bad pictures—brother, that's all!

The studios cling to their established stars be-



Jean Peters

Torrid and beautiful—but has a cool head

Fink



Miehle

John Agar

A genuine humility, a wish to learn

Barbara Bel Geddes

A fine actress, distinctive and poised

Longet



Ricardo Montalban

Can dance, act and sing in several languages

Bull



Donald Buka
A fine voice and quiet intensity



John Dall
Off-beat type—plays comedy or drama

cause, so far, they have been safe, financially. A star, from Hollywood's angle, is either a million-dollar property, a hundred-thousand-dollar also ran, or nothing at all. If any individual could pick personalities that would always click with the public, he or she could command a million-dollar-a-year



Joanne Dru
She's Mrs. Dick Haymes, dramatic and beautiful

Terry Moore
Hollywood found her on a magazine cover



salary and be a good bargain at that,

That's because of you, dear Public. You have made Alan Ladd a star and kept him a star, despite the fact that Alan hasn't actually had one super-duper production. On the other hand, you've had a girl like Paulette Goddard in super after super and while



Ron Randell

Born "Down Under," his charm wins friends

Wanda Hendrix

Beauty of a cameo, drive of a dynamo





Cathy O'Donnell

A down-to-earth quality with poetic appeal



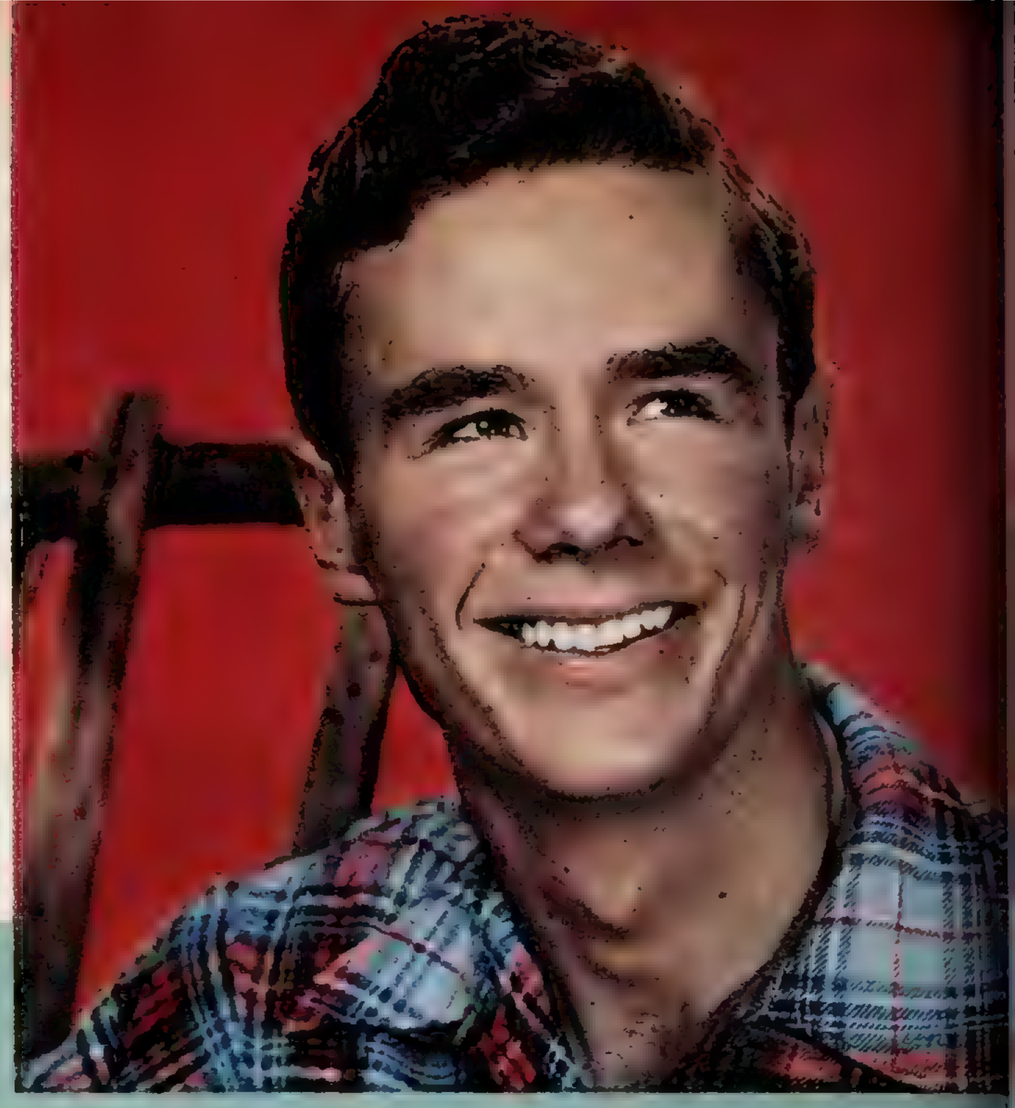
Montgomery Clift

He has ideas about Art—and the studios want him

Marshall Thompson

Favorite escort of young glamour girls

Bull



CHOOSE



Fink

Coleen Gray

Naturalness and beauty—has brains too



Carpenter

Janet Leigh

Other stars help her—a rare quality!



Tolmie

Tim Holt

Another "Sierra Madre" may turn the trick

she's okay, she's not box-office bonfire. You have also made a star of Guy Madison—but dig this, for it is important, you haven't seen much of him lately on screen.

But, before we explain the difference between Alan and Guy, both of whom you made stars, we want to give you Photoplay's proposition.

Photoplay has combed contract lists and lined up fifty-nine new personalities for your choice. Each studio is represented, both sexes and every type of ap-



YOUR STAR



Miehle

Rhonda Fleming
She's Bing's leading lady

pearance and temperament. You have seen all these new people. Almost all of them are under contract. With two exceptions, they are all very young. Never in Hollywood's history has there been such a crowd of waiting talent. But not all these sixty can become top stars. You will pick, possibly six, probably less. The sixty-four-dollar question is which ones will you create by your enthusiasm, or kill by your indifference.

Only you know the answer. (*Please turn page*)

Mona Freeman
A flair for comedy—and looks 16

Fink



Smith

Farley Granger
Has the intensity of a young Bogart



Ehrlich

June Lockhart
She already has captured Broadway



Betty Garrett
The talented Mrs. Larry Parks



Robert Arthur
Looks 16 but he's over 20



Macdonald Carey
Tall and handsome—can also act



Shelley Winters
Sign of a hit: Studios borrow her

You've read the story
You've seen them on the screen
WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

Vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom and mail it to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I choose:
Actress

I choose:
Actor

Your Name **Age**

Address

CHOOSE YOUR STAR

Photoplay wants you to vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to succeed. After reading this poll, figure out which two you believe in most. Photoplay, frankly, has its own favorites on this list, and will tell you why. But we can be wrong. You can be wrong. Behind-the-scenes factors, as in the case of Guy Madison, are bound to affect the eventual results. Headlines, too, will play their part.

Actually Hollywood success follows many of the rules of success anywhere: The manner in which you get along with others and the way in which you turn your initial good fortune to your own advantage counts in the long run. But enough of philosophy. Here's the list. Let your votes tell us how it is going to look three months from now. We'll report again to you then, and periodically thereafter.

Twentieth Century-Fox

Photoplay begins with Twentieth because it has the most newcomers under contract.

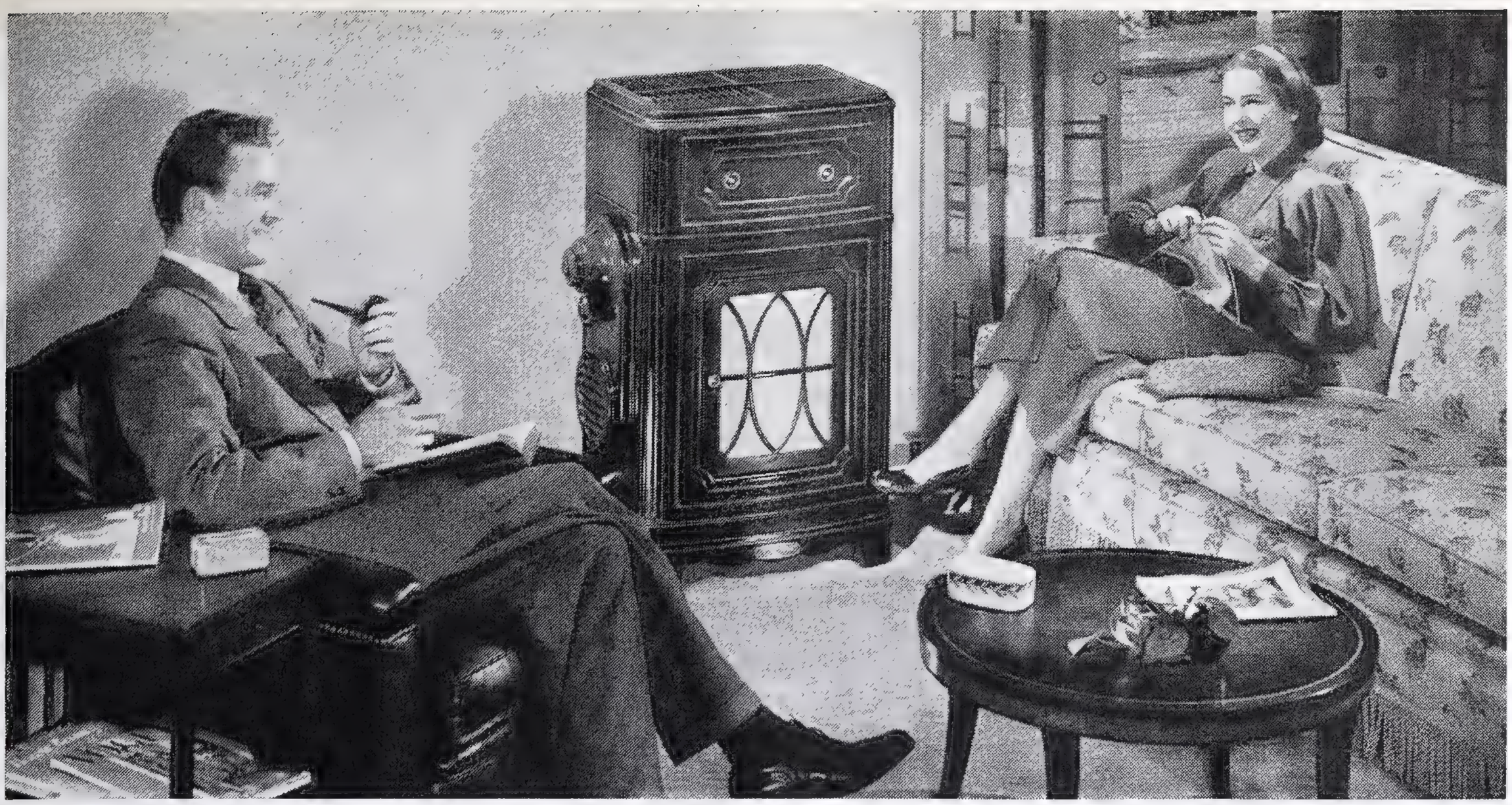
Barbara Lawrence: Her current film is "Give My Regards to Broadway"; her next, "Street with No Name." Barbara has been under contract to Twentieth since she was fourteen. She is still in her teens, is natural in a breezy sort of way, can sing and dance expertly but has unexpected dramatic ability.

Coleen Gray: Current Picture, "Fury at Furnace Creek." Stands out for her naturalness and beauty. Has brains. Worked her way through college. Highly dramatic.

Debra Paget: Current picture, "Martin Rome." Next picture, "Chicken Every Sunday." Only five feet tall. (Little girls are returning to the screen somewhat, as you will see, later in this poll.) She combines the dramatic and the spiritual to an unusual degree.

Robert Arthur: Current picture, "Green Grass of Wyoming." Next, "Yellow Sky." Stands out for sincerity and charm combined with looking a fast sixteen when he's actually in his twenties.

Jean Peters: Current picture, "Deep Waters." Another college grad. Photographs beautifully. Scored big in her (*Continued on page* 102)



NEW... the beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton heater

CUTS FUEL OIL COSTS UP TO *25%* WITH POWER-AIR!

This is it—an amazingly efficient *upright* heater with all the beauty of fine period furniture!

It's the gorgeous, brand new Duo-Therm Sheraton, designed by master furniture stylists.

You've got to see it with your own eyes to appreciate it. See its fluted columns and recessed panels that duplicate the costly look of fine cabinet work. See its mellow duo-tone mahogany finish (a Duo-Therm exclusive!). See how it adds charm and distinction to *any* room!

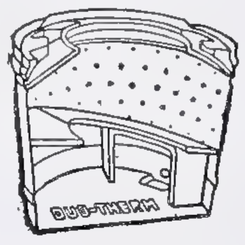
And its working heart is *all* Duo-Therm! Here's just a rough idea of what that means to you:

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4

This is a *fact*, proved by severe tests in a cold Northern climate. The Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower actually cuts fuel bills *as much as 25%*.

Because it *is* a blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every corner . . . keeps floors much warmer . . . gives you more heat at the living level. Only Duo-Therm heaters have Power-Air, the Blower that can save enough to pay for the cost of a Duo-Therm!

You save on oil with Duo-Therm's exclusive Burner, too!



In addition to Power-Air fuel savings, the exclusive Duo-Therm Burner *gets more heat out of every drop of oil.* That's because it mixes air and oil in 6 stages (only the Duo-Therm Burner does this!) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.

Its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber . . . hugs the chamber walls . . . transfers more heat to your home *quicker.* There are no moving parts, so there's nothing to get out of order. And it's completely silent!

You tend the fire by turning a simple dial!

On the first cold day you strike a match and light your Duo-Therm heater. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a dial. No work, no dirt, no ashes, no worry!

And when you decide on a Duo-Therm heater you have a complete selection to choose from. There's a model for every purse and purpose.

Free 12-page, full-color catalog

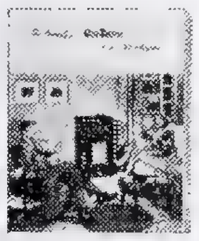
Shows the *complete* Duo-Therm line in real room settings (two full pages of pictures and facts on the new Sheraton alone!). Tells you all you'll want to know before you invest in a Duo-Therm. Mail the handy coupon below and get your *free* copy now. And this week, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

DUO-THERM

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She's My Dream Wife

(*Continued from page* 51) anyhow. Let me tell you that she is the only girl I know of who looks delightful when she wakes up with her hair tousled. For a scene, I mean. I am sure she looks equally provocative when she wakes up off screen, with her hair tousled. Alas, I've never been able to prove this stimulating theory. Over the seasons I've known her, she has always been married.

In "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" when we played scenes in which we did more than a bit of tumbling about, she was happy to look tumbled about.

I guess I will have to come out boldly and say that I think Myrna is a sincere artist—at her job. She is definitely an artist at the business of being a woman who lives a fine life.

She has faults. She has a subtle sense of humor. I wouldn't want to be the dope who tried to put anything over on her. She has the calmness of a Buddha, particularly in the face of other people's temperaments. (I wish I'd stop pointing at myself.) But still I have seen her go mad.

THIS only happens when she fluffs a line. She retires to the side of the set, walks up and down fiercely and mutters, "Oh, shucks!"

That is wild, wicked language for Myrna. That walk of say, twenty feet, is her idea of wild exercise, too.

Myrna is physically lazy. She was born and brought up on a ranch in Montana and she is as forthright in thought as such a healthy background would naturally produce. She has never been a headline girl. But she likes to live in a highly civilized manner, involving the least effort. And the athletic crowns can go to every other girl in the world for all she cares.

I never know why women dislike being called sweet. To men, feminine sweetness is one of the most endearing of all characteristics.

So, bravely risking having Myrna stick up her impudent nose at me, I tell you that she is sweet. She really is. I have never heard her say one unkind thing about anyone. When she separated from Arthur Hornblow, the producer, she never told even her closest friends why they parted. Myrna and I met, incidentally, in 1935 when we made "Wings in the Dark" together for Arthur Hornblow at Paramount. We have been friends ever since. That's like her, too. Her friends stay her friends over years and years.

On the sentimental side she likes to have her friends send her plants, which she personally transplants in her garden and cultivates with the greatest care. Years ago, Bill Powell, who is as frank in his adoration of her as I am, sent her an orange tree. She has moved it from house to house and cultivated it to such an extent that each orange it bears must cost her approximately two dollars, but she won't give it up. Bill always calls her "little Myrna" and worries over her career. That is like worrying over whether or not Henry Ford, Second, will manage to make ends meet. But it is one of the tricks of Myrna's charm, actively at work.

With no effort at all, she conveys the feeling of being fragile and innocent.

But she is not fragile or innocent. She is highly intelligent. You may be astonished to learn that she is head of the California Woman's Council of UNESCO—which stands for the Education, Social and Cultural Branch of United Nations—and does a magnificent job of speech-making for it. In fact, she is going abroad this summer for U.N. She is naturally shy. So speaking before large groups of people, who have nothing to do with Hollywood or movies, and who know her only as Mrs. Gene Markey, is actually very hard on her. But the Red Cross work she did during the war, particularly around the hospitals near Washington, convinced her that active work for peace is the duty of every intelligent woman.

Incidentally, it tickles me that being a Montana girl, she now lives in a typical New England saltbox house in that portion of Santa Monica that overlooks the ocean, known as Pacific Palisades.

She doesn't know that I know this—but it is so completely characteristic of her that I think the story should be told. When she was first starting out, a nobody in pictures, she was a great admirer of a girl who was then an important leading woman. But they never met. Recently, hearing that the girl was in want, Myrna went into action. The ex-leading lady is now provided for. Myrna's gifts go forth regularly—though the two girls still haven't met.

I feel Myrna has never received sufficient acting credit. She is one of the few—I think I should say one of the two—expert comediennes in Hollywood. (The other is Jean Arthur.) She is the fastest study I ever saw, learning new lines so quickly on the set that I am sure her memory must be photographic. She knows instinctively when a scene is wrong, for her or the picture.

MY idiocies, my moods, my fretting and fussing while working do not disturb her at all. Between takes, knowing that nothing interests me so much as travel talk, she talks travel. We go on mythical journeys together, jaunting from Venice to Peiping, let's say, by way of a walking tour through the Himalayas or similar impossibilities. I confess it never occurred to me at all during the shooting of "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" that maybe Myrna wasn't as enchanted with such talk as I was. But probably she wasn't. And definitely I didn't give her a chance to discuss herself. I didn't discuss her, either. It was all I to I, with Grant starring.

That's her feminine secret. She lets you talk about you. She does not make you dream of her. She makes you dream about how terrific you are, how witty, how handsome. That is twice as potent.

I love her, even as I respect her, as a true liberal, who has her own thoughts and ideals but believes in letting the other guy have his, too. If America is ever to have a woman president, I nominate Myrna. In her apparently artless little way she would make every Senator, every Congressman and every diplomat think that he, alone, could run the world brilliantly. And she would be the one who was doing it all the time.

Or even if she ran on a platform of diamonds for every one over the age of six, I'd vote for her. And run after her, too.

I would, that is, if I thought I could beat Markey's time. But I know when I'm licked. So all I can do is hope that she will co-star with me again soon, making me feel that I am the greatest actor of all time.

In fact, after any day's shooting with Myrna, I come home, bewildered that I haven't an Oscar to prove I am the greatest ham of them all.

If she can do this to a man merely co-starring opposite her, imagine what she must do to a man when she loves him.

You imagine. I don't dare to.

THE END

My Kids, the Kellys

(*Continued from page* 54) he talks to you, he looks you in the eye. He doesn't say one word he doesn't mean. He never talks idly. He never makes a promise he can't keep. You don't often find that much sincerity with that much charm.

I shall never forget the first time I met Gene. I'd had, I must confess, a few qualms about him. Betsy was only sixteen when she got her job at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York. Gene, who gave her the job, was dance director.

The day she met Gene she came home starry-eyed. She did nothing but tell me how wonderful Mr. Kelly was. Thereafter, each and every day it was "Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly."

"Mr. Kelly came into the drugstore today while I was having lunch. When he took the stool next to mine at the counter I could barely eat, I was so excited."

Betsy, young for the young age of sixteen had never, I was certain, been in love. I didn't suppose she was really in love then. Just a crush, I thought, on a man whom I visualized rather uneasily, as being an "older man"—a man of the theater, of Broadway.

WHEN "Mr. Kelly" finally invited Betsy to have dinner with him, he made his first appearance on our doorstep. He was wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt. He had been playing ball and looked as unlike as possible the smooth "Mr. Kelly" of my imagining. Nor did the blue jeans and T-shirt, strange apparel though they were for a dinner date, matter in the least. *You never looked past his face.*

My first impression was *"How young he is!"* My second, *"I can see what has carried Betsy away!"*

One of the first things he asked me that day was how I felt about Betsy being on the stage. I said I thought it an interesting filler-in for the summer but that Betsy was going to college—she was entered at Sarah Lawrence—that fall and was planning to become a schoolteacher. Gene, who loves an argument, argued then: "Why send anyone so pretty to college? She should be an actress." P. S. She didn't go to college—she became an actress.

For a time after Betsy and Gene were married, Betsy gave up any thought of continuing her career. But while Gene was in the Navy she played a small role in "The Guilt of Janet Ames." Since then, she's had parts in "A Double Life," "Snake Pit" and "Another Part of the Forest."

Occasionally people ask me whether Gene approves of his wife having a career. I am sure Betsy wouldn't put her name to a picture contract without Gene's approval. And I remember, too, how pleased Gene was when Mr. Saroyan chose Betsy for the lead in "The Beautiful People," and how proud he was of her success.

The night the play opened, Betsy's dressing room was filled with flowers. Among the huge ornate boxes was one small modest box. In the small modest box was one white orchid. The card read, simply, "You're my girl." In contrast to all the other extravagant messages, this little card seemed just too wonderful.

On opening night we all waited up for the reviews. As we read one rave-for-Betsy notice after another, Gene kept telling Betsy, "Are you lucky!"

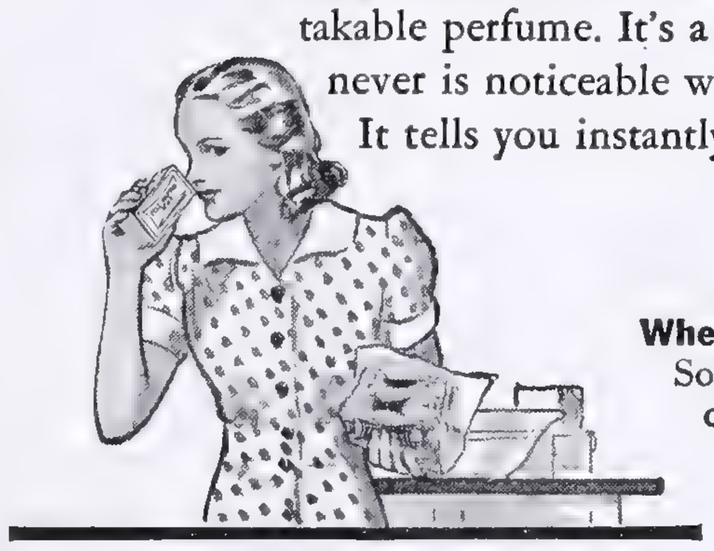
In my ear Betsy whispered, "I'm lucky because he loves me." Betsy knows that in Gene's love lies her real luck and all her

Turn to page 83 for Photoplay Fashions in Color



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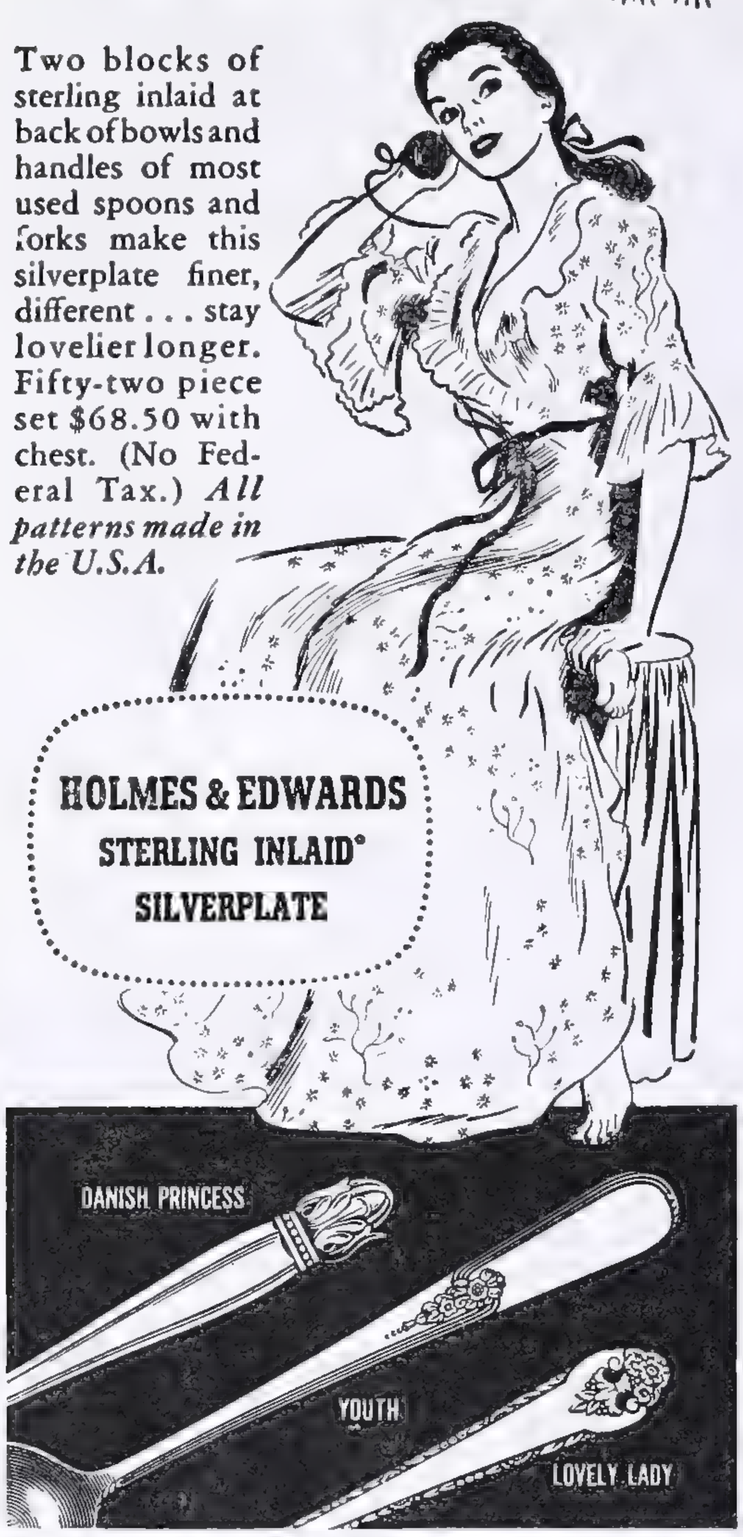


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happiness. But I suspect, she would like Gene to be proud of her as an actress, as well as wife and mother.

When they were first married and were preparing to leave for Hollywood, I asked Betsy how she thought she would feel when she saw Gene making love on the screen to the Hollywood glamour girls. Betsy laughed. "Before we were married Gene explained all that to me. 'When you love somebody,' he told me, 'you love somebody.' Sounds cryptic, but," my daughter told me with the kind of smile I liked to see, "I know what he means."

Betsy and Kerry lived at home with me most of the time Gene was in the service. Shortly before he got out of the Navy, he and Betsy decided to buy a house in Beverly Hills. It was, necessarily, up to Betsy to find the house. Accordingly, she flew to Los Angeles, found the house she liked and bought it. When she came back, the deed in her pocket, "It cost so much money, Mother," she worried and kept worrying. "I just *hope* Gene likes it!"

The day Gene, who was demobilized here in the East, reached home, he sent me a wire. "Am delighted with the house," he said. He knew somehow that I, also, was worrying about what he would think of it.

TOGETHER, Gene and Betsy chose most of the furniture and planned the color schemes for their home. The gray carpeting for their bedroom, the soft blue walls and the white ninon curtains. The red and blue drapes accent the white furniture in Kerry's room, across the hall from theirs. Gene designed the cabinets that run beneath the casement windows in their bedroom. His belongings are kept there in methodical order. Gene also designed the two built-in wardrobes; one just the right height for Betsy's suits; the other just the right height for his. In fact, Gene's passion for built-in furniture being what it is, the only movable things in the bedroom are the chairs and beds.

Though most mothers hope for a good provider for their daughter, Gene is more than that. He is generous to a fault. Nothing is too good for Betsy. At Christmas, for instance. Almost any man or woman grown cynical enough to disbelieve in Santa Claus would, after a Christmas at the Kellys, reaffirm their faith in the abundant old gentleman. The living room overflows with Gene's gifts to Betsy, Kerry, his parents and myself.

Nor does Gene's generosity lapse with familiarity. When I was visiting them at Christmas last year Gene gave me, among other gifts, gorgeous accommodations on the Super Chief. But, fearful that I might take such a gift to be a hint, he did not tell me about it until long after Christmas —when I was beginning to worry aloud about my reservations.

Just as you usually do not expect such sincerity coupled with such charm, neither do you expect sound business ability with such an array of talent. With Gene, not even a broken ankle could keep him from continuing his career. Although he was not able to dance for several months, Gene was at the studio every day. He spent his time writing and planning ahead to the day when he'll be a director. He has already sold one story to M-G-M. He is busy on another.

And with all of this Gene is great fun, too. He and Kerry sing together all the time. At five, Kerry knows the words of at least a dozen songs she's learned from Gene. And sings them like Gene. And looks just like him, Gene's eyes, his mouth, his mannerisms, and light as spindrift on her feet. I think Kerry is one of the luckiest little girls in the world. Not only because of the material good fortune and the love that Gene and Betsy give her, but because of the careful thought underlying the way they explain things to her. They never say "Do this" or "Don't do that" without explaining why.

And her name—Kerry Kelly. Enchanting, isn't it? A singing name to say. Gene named her. One night, a few weeks after she was born and her name still not decided upon, Betsy and I were in the living room watching Gene do a practise step to the tune of "Oh, the days of the Kerry dancers!" Suddenly he stopped in the middle of his routine. Poised on one toe he exclaimed "Kerry! Kerry Kelly—how about it?" "Yes!" Betsy and I chorused in unison, "Oh, *yes!*"

GAY as Gene and Betsy are, and liking people as much as they do, it is only natural that their house is always overflowing with friends. I was there when Gene and Judy Garland were starting work on "The Pirate." Judy and Vincente Minnelli visited often. Among others who were in and out of the house I remember the Hume Cronyns, Phil Silvers, Jane Ball. Then there was June Allyson . . . who came to a tea Betsy gave for me a whole hour ahead of time so that she and I could have a talk.

"When I get back home to Cliffside, New Jersey, and tell the people you came an hour early just to see me, they won't believe me," I told June. (Nor did they!)

In the garden, it always looks as though tournaments are going on. Especially weekends, when so many people are there. All the boys in the neighborhood "Go over to Kellys'" to play soft-ball and kick-ball with any-kind-of-a-game-of ball-loving Gene.

Gene likes indoor games, too. Parlor games. Casino. Anagrams. But, especially Classifications. Night after night, we sat up until two in the morning, Betsy, Gene and I, playing Classifications. And no matter how we tried, Gene *always* beat us. And no wonder. Gene is forever reading. Books, magazines, newspapers, anything and everything in print.

Although he's a man of deep feelings and emotions, I have never seen Gene in a temper. Nor ever so slightly out of control—except, perhaps, in the hospital, waiting for Kerry to be born. Seldom if ever have I seen Gene smoke, but in those hours he smoked one cigarette after another. He paced the corridors. He mopped his damp brow. He waylaid doctors and nurses. He did all the things every frantic young father does.

Gene always eats late at night, too. Loves to eat at night. Favorite midnight snack being hot dogs and tea. He'll drink *pots* of tea. And he's mad for ice cream, especially chocolate. The freezing unit in their icebox (quite the largest icebox I've ever seen!) always contains a full supply of Schwab's Drugstore ice cream. Gene also loves candy. There is a steady supply of Gene's favorite chocolate peppermints from his favorite candy store in Pittsburgh in a little cupboard in the breakfast room. The cupboard is just behind his place at the table so that he can always reach it easily. Quite often what Gene gets when he reaches for the candy is a handful of Kerry, crouching, surreptitiously by the cupboard!

Besides hot dogs, ice cream and candy, Gene's favorite food is steak and potatoes. He only eats vegetables "To set a good example for Kerry," he says.

Last year I gave Gene, who is handy about making things as well as designing them, a tool chest for Christmas. "Do you really like it?" I asked him. "It's a smash!" he said, using his favorite expression to express enthusiasm.

So, literally, is my son-in-law.

THE END

When They Need a Friend

(*Continued from page* 41) the wedding reception for her? Not anyone she went to school with, not any friend she might have made during her aquacade swimming days, not any star actress. It was her press agent, Malvina Pumphrey, who gave the party in her own home.

Then take the Jane Withers-William Moss wedding. Jane's bridesmaids made a very pretty picture surrounding her at the reception. But one of them told me she'd met Jane only the week before, for the first time. She didn't have the heart to say "no" when Jane begged her to be her bridesmaid! And Jane has lived most of her life in Hollywood and should have hundreds of bosom girl friends!

When Susan Hayward eloped with Jess Barker, she had to fall back on that good old stand-by—her press agent. At that time it was Henry Rogers. Taking your press agent along to the wedding kills two birds with one stone, so to speak. You get a paid witness and you also get a guarantee that your best profile is attached to the orange blossoms!

Press agent Maggie Ettinger stood up for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger; Helen Ferguson did the same for Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Paramount press agent Lindsey Durand was not only maid of honor at Betty Hutton's wedding to Ted Briskin, but she is godmother to Betty's first baby—named after her.

DON'T get me wrong. There's nothing wrong in having a press agent for a friend. It's just very peculiar that movie stars don't know other movie stars intimately in the way that big business shots are friendly with other big business shots. Why don't the stars have people as famous as themselves for their confidantes and close friends? They seem instead to prefer the friendship of those who work for them or with them.

However, the younger players in Hollywood are not bothered quite as much as their older colleagues about friends in their own strata of life. Shirley Temple, for instance, is a member of the Junior League. Her close friends are girls she went to school with at Westlake. Diana Lynn, Guy Madison and Gail Russell have fun without fear of rivalry or whatever it is that keeps ninety-nine per cent of the stars in Hollywood in a state of isolated splendor, with no friends except the people they pay to be their friends.

Hairdressers for instance. If you really want to get into the heart of a movie star actress, get a job as her hairdresser or make-up girl, or wardrobe girl.

Ann Sheridan is in love with Steve Hannagan, but ask her who her best and only friend is and she'll tell you Martha Giddings. Martha is Ann's wardrobe girl, and I'll bet she knows more about Annie than Stevie does! When Ann went to Mexico for a vacation, she took Martha. When Ann's in Florida or Connecticut seeing Mr. Hannagan, Martha lives in and looks after Ann's home in the San Fernando Valley. Like all of the top stars Ann has dozens of acquaintances, but Martha is her only woman friend.

Bette Davis is a hard girl for any other girl to know—with the exception of Agnes Flanagan, her hairdresser. When Bette was about to have a baby, the only woman outside of her family that she wanted to see, was hairdresser Flanagan. And when Bette was in the hospital, a few hours before the Caesarian operation, she called

The Hart Model
Photoplay Fashions on Page 13



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Agnes who dashed down to Santa Ana to dress Bette's hair for the operation.

Joan Crawford's hairdresser, Gertrude Wheeler, shares Joan's friendship with magazine writer, Ruth Waterbury. Ruth has been Joan's closest friend throughout her screen career. But Joan and Gertrude are inseparable—even at lunchtime when Gertrude goes into the studio kitchen to choose Joan's luncheon—a steak usually.

I'm racking my memory to remember if Betty Grable has any other woman friend, apart from her hairdresser, Marie Brasselle. And I just can't come up with anyone. Husband Harry James has no friends in the business at all—with the exception of his press agent. And that's the boy he calls to pace the floor with him, when his babies are about to be born!

Linda Darnell is one of the few movie stars here who has another movie star, Ann Miller, as a close friend. But when Linda went to Europe, it was not Ann who went with her, but a business associate, Mrs. Marie Rollins. This proved a wise choice, by the way. Linda was sick most of the time and Mrs. Rollins took care of her. Another movie star, no matter how friendly, might very well be too busy taking care of herself.

Tyrone Power's best friend is Bill Gallagher, his secretary. This friendship proved very useful to Ty when his girl, Linda Christian, got into trouble with the immigration people here in Los Angeles. Ty drove to the airport with Gallagher to meet her. When he saw all the photographers waiting to snap the historic occasion, he went home leaving Bill to meet Linda instead. It was Bill who had to straighten matters with the immigration authorities. Greater friendship hath no man than to take into his own custody the girl of his boss!

Ty, as far as I can find out, does not have any other male friends, only Bill. Like other stars, he has hundreds of people who seem to be friends. But who knows how they'd act if Ty weren't a big star. Maybe not Mr. Gallagher, whom Ty always takes with him on his long trips. Perhaps he would still be there as Ty's pal.

And that goes for Lana Turner and *her* close friend, magazine writer Sara Hamilton. Everywhere that Lana goes, if it's a party in Hollywood, a boat trip to South America, or a plane ride to New York, Miss Hamilton is right there with her—a combined friend and press agent. Of course, with Lana married to Bob Topping and spending more time away from Hollywood, the picture may change.

Van Johnson used to have a movie actor for his best friend—Keenan Wynn. But that has sort of cooled since Van married Evie Wynn. Van and Keenan are still friendly and Keenan calls at Van's house to visit with his two young sons. But Van's stand-in has now stepped into the friendship gap.

Both Lionel Barrymore and Barry Fitzgerald name their stand-ins as their closest friends. Lionel's stand-in has worked with him for twenty-three years and when Barrymore's wife died about ten years ago, he invited him to live with him.

You'd think that Ingrid Bergman could have her pick of all the world's famous men to choose her friends from. But next to her husband, her only intimate is Joe Steele, whom she pays $500 a week to work as her manager.

Of course any movie star as pretty and popular with men as Rita Hayworth can afford not to have any girl friend at all. The same for Ava Gardner. I don't remember hearing of any friendship with *any* women for either Rita or Ava. Rita's sole confidant is her very able press agent, George Lait. So when Rita went to Europe last summer she had a tough time deciding whom she would take with her as a travelling companion. Rita finally settled for Mrs. Lola Leighter, the wife of Orson Welles's former manager.

Errol Flynn makes a practice of always using his stand-in or stunt man for his best friend. It used to be stunt man Buster Wiles, and they had a very merry time together during Errol's carefree days before his marriage to pretty Nora Eddington. Now Errol's one friend is his stand-in Jim Fleming. Errol likes Jim so much he's setting him up in business as producer of a series of shorts. I suppose that if Jim gets as rich as Errol, the friendship will end because they'll have too much in common!

Clark Gable has a lot of romances, but when it comes down to honest-to-goodness friendship, the only man who has held the post for seventeen years is Howard Strickling, publicity boss of Metro's Hollywood studio. Clark makes no move professionally or privately, without talking it over first with Howard.

There are some good friendships among the stars, of course. In all fairness to the Hollywood scene this must be reported. Claudette Colbert and husband, Dr. Joel Pressman are good friends of the Ray Millands—so are Jack and Mary Benny. The Tom Lewises (Loretta Young), and the Dr. Frank Griffins (Irene Dunne), are a warm foursome. The Alan Ladds have many good and close friends among the stars, too. But in the main the stars do not mix with stars on any intimate basis.

Whatever it is, rivalry or what have you, they seem to prefer to live in lonely splendor.

THE END



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I Saw a Star

(*Continued from page* 38) gutsy play, possibly with talent in the cast I can use for my gangster picture. So I go to the first performance.

The curtain goes up. There, center stage, in a cell with his hands up on the bars, is a young unknown actor playing *Killer Mears.* In this first scene he didn't have a spoken line; he projected the hatred and bitterness of the role through facial expression alone. But he's magnetic.

"There is one of the greatest acting personalities I've ever seen," I tell myself and go backstage after the first act, not even waiting for the play's end. The program lists this unknown as Clark Gable. This means no more than Joe Doakes to me. To my amazement, his dressing room is knee deep in agents, all his. Four of 'em. I say I'd like to screen test their Mr. Gable. They agree faster than you could say "six months with options."

I think the test is nothing short of terrific. I ran it for Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck, then with Warners. They agree this Gable has something as an actor but say his ears are too big, which make him unphotogenic. I do everything but beg them on my knees to sign him. "His ears are too big," they keep insisting.

WE LAP dissolve to 1933. After "The Last Mile" one of Clark's battery of agents sold him to Pathe for a role in "The Painted Desert." This led to M-G-M's signing him. His first picture there was "The Easiest Way," but it was "A Free Soul" which really won him recognition.

He had made several other hits by 1933. Clark Gable was quite a star. I went out to Metro to direct Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie." Gable was starring in "Night Flight," but he took time out to come over to our set to wish me luck on the first day of shooting.

"Merv, I've always been grateful to you for that first test out at Warners," he said after the usual amenities. "I'd like you to know that Warners have offered me a very nice deal—now—but I'm staying here."

He's a loyal guy.

At this point we insert shots of calendars blowing away, or an activated hour glass to indicate more passage of time. Lots of time —1947, when Gable and Le Roy finally are working together at M-G-M on "Homecoming."

Gable is the easiest and nicest person to work with I've ever encountered during my twenty years of directing. He not only has a magnificent feeling for acting but he takes direction easily. Like most actors who had the tough training of the legitimate theater, he is all business on the set. He is prompt, knows his lines. He is never temperamental.

Clark is also so sensitive an actor that he needs no phony communing with the Muses to get into the mood of a tense sequence. For example, when we were shooting "Homecoming" and about to start our poignant scene in which Lana Turner dies, Clark remained in his dressing room for about fifteen minutes before. He gave a magnificent performance, and Lana did, too. He cried as called for in the script. No faking about it—he wept! After we finished I asked what he had been thinking about in that earlier quarter hour to get himself into the spirit of the scene so completely.

"Thinking about?" he asked incredulously. "Hell, I was looking at some new fishing tackle!"

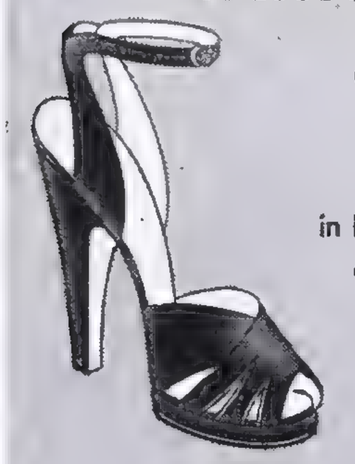
Gable is always pitching for young players. In "Homecoming," in which he portrays an Army surgeon, he has a very dramatic scene with Cameron Mitchell, who plays a young soldier. When we got to the close-ups, Gable the star quietly



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suggested to me that we shoot them to give Cam the breaks.

As for Gable away from work, he's the same off screen as on. I know, because despite not making pictures together we've been personal friends since we met.

He loves to laugh and has a broad sense of humor. Between scenes he likes to park his canvas chair in the middle of the set and swap yarns on hunting, fishing or bygone days of movie making with old timers in the crew. At parties he is inclined to be quiet. He's a good raconteur, but also a good listener. Usually his conversation is crisp and to the point. He dislikes dancing and buffet dinners; he likes to sit down at a table for his meals.

At the studio he never eats in his dressing room. He lunches in the commissary at the directors' table, not a Gable table. He never rides in the studio stand-by car, even from the farthest sound stage. He walks.

GABLE doesn't take himself seriously as a star, despite the fact that he's been just about the biggest star for the longest time of anyone in Hollywood. He insists on going on trips alone, without benefit of a studio publicist's protection. He doesn't enjoy interviews because he feels he is dull copy, but is gracious about them unless the interviewer tries to pry into his private life. At that point he will raise an eyebrow, ask "Are you kidding?" and change the subject.

He currently has the habit of calling everyone—male or female, fifteen or fifty—"Baby." A few of his close friends call him "Pappy," the name given him by his late wife Carole Lombard. Generally he has been known as "The King" since he was first voted King of the Movies.

I called him "King" several times at the beginning of production. Then he began calling me "King," pointing out that Le Roy is a corruption of *le roi,* the French equivalent. I stopped. Then I tagged him "Colonel" for awhile, because that's his rank in the picture. So, one day he borrowed from the wardrobe department a jacket bearing a general's stars, presented it to me and announced:

"Just so you won't feel I outrank you, General."

Gable wore his own Army uniforms with insignia changed (he was a Major in the USAAF), for our picture. To me, at least, this indicates a sentimental streak. In "Homecoming" he also wore the same surgeon's outfits that were made for him thirteen years ago for "Men in White." The only picture in his dressing room is one of the most unflattering caricatures ever drawn of him, which he thinks is enormously amusing.

His hair is graying slightly at the temples. Gals find this an addition to his romantic appeal. He ignores it. For story purposes at the beginning of "Homecoming" we had it touched up. Then in a hospital scene in which Gable, as the surgeon, is sluicing himself thoroughly before an operation, some of the tint washed off. With his usual wry humor Gable said:

"I went into this scene young and came out old!"

Gable manages an incredible amount of reading which makes him one of the best informed men I know. Somehow he finds time for all the local papers, news magazines and all the important new books. In the latter he continually looks for screen material and often finds it. For example, he read "Command Decision" when it was just off the presses. He persuaded the studio to buy it as a possible screen vehicle for one Gable—before it was rewritten to become a Broadway hit play.

I don't know quite how Gable finds the leisure for this reading, for he is predominantly a man of action. During four days off he painted the exterior of his ranch house in Encino. Before production started he rebuilt the fences and laid all the pipe for a new sprinkling system, pruned his trees, replanted and cultivated large sections of his twenty acres, played golf and went on several fishing trips.

Our friendship happily has somehow survived despite my complete lack of interest in the outdoor exercise he likes so well. The only hunting we've ever shared was riding around in a jeep out on location near Calabasas, seeing how close we could get to the deer that were always around. We had no guns. Incidentally, Gable has not shot a deer in years; thinks they are too graceful and gentle to kill.

Not long ago he learned that his old teacher back in Hopedale, Ohio, Miss Frances Thompson, was ill. He sent flowers with a note saying, "You were the best teacher I ever had." And he meant it.

Still, I cannot say I exactly agree with one old fan, an 81-year-old Toronto woman who wrote him recently, "For fifteen years I've been trying to figure why you are my favorite actor. Now I know it's your boyishness. You appeal to the mother instinct in all women. You're the kind of son I'd like to have."

I'm more inclined to believe that Gable has been, is and will be for many more years almost any woman's idea of what a *man* should be like.

At my home I have a large guest book in which Gable several years ago wrote, "Thanks for believing in me back in 1930." If ever he asked me to inscribe a similar book, I could think of nothing more apt to say than, "I never changed my mind."

THE END

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Marsha Hunt and Dennis O'Keefe in a scene from "Raw Deal"

A cool eyelet pique blouse and a black cotton skirt by Diane Fritt, for that "crisp as lettuce" look. A back skirt zipper whittles away the waist and hips. Blouse sizes 32-38. $5.00. Skirt sizes 10-16. $10.95 at Lipman Wolfe & Co., Portland, Ore.

Cobblers gold kid sandals
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For stores in your vicinity see page 89



Marsha Hunt

Marsha Hunt is another Hollywood girl who has added a Broadway hit play to her acting laurels. Her expressive eyes and lovely low speaking voice are two of her many assets. She'll next be seen in the Edward Small production, Eagle Lion's "Raw Deal"

Cool Excitement

Martha Hyer is a slim dark-eyed lovely who will be seen next in the Independent Artists Picture "The Velvet Touch," an RKO release



A two-piecer stripe of Cohama spun for your cool summer wardrobe. By Ted Cohen in black with lime, rose or blue stripes. Sizes 10-20. $7.95 at The Hecht Co. (Cotton Shop), Washington, D. C., and Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill. *For Stores in your vicinity see page 89*

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Jeanne Cagney

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For stores in your vicinity see page 89

Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's sister, is a vivacious blonde who loves everything connected with being in pictures. Her next is the Cagney Production, "The Time of Your Life"

Party Promenade

(*Continued from page* 61) noon at producer Joe Pasternak's house. Mocambo and the adjoining Champagne Room had been taken over for the affair and the walls of both restaurants were literally lined with gardenias. The most beautifully gowned gal at the whole party was undoubtedly Nora Flynn. Errol wasn't with her, but his "stand-in" (for parties anyway) Bruce Cabot was dancing her around in her soft blue, floaty costume of net—yards and yards of it. Over this skirt starting at the waistline was a draped-to-the-back bustle effect of soft blue satin. The form-fitting bodice was of blue satin too. She's wearing her hair short and fluffy, as are most Hollywood belles these days. Nora's given its blondness a reddish tint.

This summer, day clothes seem to be all-of-a-tone. White with white, black with black, natural with natural, etc. White is just about the most popular in everything from linens to wools—with cool and chic looking black a close second.

Aside from clasping a real flower to pearl chokers or ribbons about the neck, as we told you so many of the gals are doing, "something new has been added." With the mad yearning that all the femmes seem to have for diamond chokers and diamond necklaces, 'way out of reach for most of the belles in this world, the Hollywood glamour-pusses have found sort of a "substitute." Myrna Dell started it when she clasped her two diamond clips to a strand of small pearls (all one size pearls—not graduated). She then went herself one better by buying a double strand of very small pearls and attaching one clip to the upper strand (at the center of her neck) and the other to the lower strand—a little off side. Even with good rhinestone clips, the effect is stunning when worn like this.

A knockout hot weather outfit is the all-black, day-through-evening costume that Doris Day has. It's a raven silk black Shantung, a rather tailored dress (with tiny sleeves) buttoning with tiny brilliants right down the front from the high neckline to the waist. Skirt, calf length, is softly flared. The dressiness of the jeweled buttons is offset by a free-swinging short jacket (collarless) with soft push-up sleeves. With dead white gloves—or any brightly colored ones—this looks so smart, with or without a hat. Such an outfit, with simple, striking accessories, always manages to look casual and ultra at the same time. It is especially good with a big black cartwheel hat.

Paramount's designer, Edith Head, says that the shorter skirts are already here and that this year's fashions by end of fall will be totally passé again! Now we ask you! According to Edith, Eastern girls have already well started the up-swing, with summer fashions remaining long for evening resort wear (ballet length mostly) but the new wools for fall have shorter, slimmer skirts. She's already designing Gail Russell's clothes for new productions with this in mind. . . . Speaking of Gail, she breezed into the Brown Derby for lunch in a collarless cap-sleeved dress of white wool jersey that was a real stunner. It would be ideal in any color for fall, winter or any season with or without coats. The rather snug bodice was long-waisted, buttoned down the front with self-covered buttons. The skirt was circular and calf-length. For a color note, she wore an antique gold mesh belt, rather wide and with a big antique gold buckle. She also wore an antique gold pin at her shoulder and a gold charm bracelet from which dangled everything but a set of dishes, making a lot of smart noises. This is a really good basic dress for all kinds of jewelry and accessories. You can make a complete "change of costume," if you just wear a bright scarf or hunk of colored fabric as a belt, cummerbund fashion.

Ann Blyth is a play-clothes gal. She has a three-piece outfit of green, black and white stripes of gay cotton pique. The flowing ballerina length skirt with stripes is worn with a short fitted blouse of black cotton. The strapless bathing-suit part of the ensemble has a halter neckline and its material matches the striped skirt. Therefore, when the bathing-suit top is worn with the skirt, and the black cotton blouse put aside, it's also "another dress."

You just can't underestimate the value of cotton these days—and nights. There's that semi-formal gown of June Allyson's—with its voluminous skirt of white organdy appliqued with leaves and flowers of dead white cotton lace. At the waist there are bunches of bright yellow jonquils. And peeping out from underneath the ballet-length skirt is a petticoat flounced with yards of deep eyelet embroidery. A fold of white pique at the top of the bodice forms a low square-cut neckline, while the bodice is high in the back. June wears bright yellow satin sandals to match the jonquils at her waist.

Joan Caulfield came back from New York with a bunch of new duds. Not the least of the bunch is the "blazer suit" of soft, lightweight, hand-loomed wool. The boxy jacket is pink and green striped (but not too bright) and the skirt is of a green sheer wool that matches the stripes in the jacket. She wears either dead white or green silk shirts with it. Green alligator shoes and gloves finish off this neat and natty daytime suit.

THE END

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For stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 89



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Bing's My Dish

(*Continued from page* 45) "Golf, I guess," he said. "You see, Elsa, golf I play myself. Other people ride the horses. That which you do yourself is always more fun."

I'll long remember Bing at that party at the Greenbriar at White Sulphur Springs. It was given by Robert Young, chairman of Chesapeake and Ohio, to promote the reopening of this beautiful hotel. The party cost $65,000 and received hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of publicity. It looked for a little time as if Bing, although he was at the party would not be of it. "I'll stick with my golf pals," he said, meaning such famous players as Henry Cotten, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead who also were guests. He made it quite evident in his quiet friendly way that the gay nonsense of society was not his dish. But he did agree to officiate at the drawing of the numbers of the amateurs and professionals who would play in the big tournament. The drawing took place on Friday night. The match was Saturday preceding the great Diamond Ball that evening.

"I'll see you alone sometime," he told me. Bing and I are old friends. "All this—" indicating the beautifully dressed men and women in the gay lounge and on the greens, "isn't for me."

Maybe it wasn't for him. But he was for it. For the instant he came in Friday night for the drawing he was surrounded. How he managed to be at the party for two or three days before this without most people knowing he was there I don't know. It is the sort of thing he manages frequently although it seems impossible to other celebrities.

HENRY TALBOTT, the great industrialist came up to me that evening and said "Elsa, I would like to meet Mr. Crosby."

"I saw your new picture, 'The Emperor Waltz,' for the second time," he told Bing, "when it was shown here last night. I had seen it earlier with Miss Maxwell at a private showing in New York. But I enjoyed it tremendously, both times, although I do not like pictures."

Bing was quietly appreciative. No king ever had greater savoir faire.

"Glad you liked it," he answered.

"It's just a little picture. It doesn't mean much. But it's amusing. Elsa, don't you think Joan Fontaine is beautiful in it?"

"She is indeed," I agreed. "But my favorite scene is that in which you're up in the mountains yodelling."

"What about the mountain scenery, Elsa? Wasn't it great? And what about that French poodle? When I saw that poodle I knew I was a dead pigeon. Nobody can compete with a French poodle."

Always any compliment or flattery makes Bing pleasantly shy. Had I offered criticism of his new movie, he would have prolonged the conversation, questioned me carefully, endeavored to discover just where for me it had gone wrong.

I watched Bing very carefully during the several days of that Greenbriar house party and was convinced that no one who didn't know him would ever associate him with the movies. He would seem to them only a quiet, likeable guy, illuminated now and then by quick Irish humor.

When I taxed him for running off after the golf drawing, he only grinned.

"You know, Elsa, I always go to bed early whether I am working or playing. I have more fun that way."

However, Dolly O'Brien, greatest glamour girl of all time, in spite of the fact that she is an ever loving grandmother, stopped Bing at the door. "You're coming to the ball tomorrow night, aren't you, Bing?"

He hesitated, knowing I was laughing at the way he had been caught. "I don't think so, Dolly. I'll be tired after the match."

"You come, Bing," Dolly said. "And sing some songs—for the Salvation Army."

A smart woman, Dolly O'Brien. She knew Bing might be able to resist her, but he wouldn't be able to resist a plea for the Salvation Army.

WELL, no one thought any more about it. Saturday morning Bing played brilliant golf with Ben Hogan and the men were fascinated by his golf hat. It was a funny looking contraption. He had made it himself, of canvas with a double visor that hooked up, unless the sun was very strong, then he let it down.

"It's a wonderful way of shielding the eyes," the men told each other. "If he designed it himself he should patent it."

That's another wonderful thing about Bing—he has the same attraction for men that he has for women. They want to know what he thinks about things.

"Do you think there's going to be a war?" they asked him.

Bing shook his head.

"If there is what will you do?"

"Just what I did before," Bing said calmly. "Sing, tour—do anything they want me to do. I wouldn't be much good in the Army—and while I do all right on the air I don't think I would be much good in the air. . ."

But came that evening and the Diamond Ball and Mr. Crosby suddenly appeared impeccably dressed in a dinner coat and black tie. He sang three songs, "Ba Ba Black Sheep," "Now Is the Hour," and the Rodgers and Hart number, "The Girl Friend."

"He is out of this world," said the Duchess of Windsor. "The most charming creature I have ever met."

And the Duke nodded agreement.

There's never been anyone like him before. I don't think there will be again.

Bing, you know, has always been the despair of his business associates and his friends. They used to say to him, "You'll never get anywhere the way you're going, refusing to dress up and be the star; always taking time out for golf and horses, hunting and fishing." And about a year ago when Bing decided he wanted time out, too, for jaunts with Dixie and the boys—and to this end, announced he was going to record his radio shows so he wouldn't have to be at a certain place at a certain time—there was a frightful hullabaloo.

"Well, we'll try it," he said in that relaxed way of his.

The popularity of his show hasn't diminished one Hooper point. Because when Bing works he works. And the recordings he has made have been wonderful. In both movies and radio Bing considers what he does and how he does it with a canny Irish eye. Anything that will make one minute of a radio show or a picture one whit better is never too much trouble.

In the last fifteen years, since he began being successful, he has become not only a man incredibly rich, but incredibly loved.

And, incredibly, no one is jealous of him. Whether Bing wins the Academy Award, or is offered such a fabulous contract as he's just signed with Paramount (whereby he will make two pictures a year for the next two years), or wins the Photoplay Gold Medal for four consecutive times, as he did this year, or pulls in the biggest rainbow trout of the season, the comment is always the same, "It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

THE END

Marriage Is Such Fun

(*Continued from page* 59) I'm not silly. You lost something. You found it.

Veronica: This is a toll call. Will you please stop talking and listen? I've found our house.

Andre: No!

Veronica: Yes!

Andre: All right. If it has a roof on it, we'll move in.

Veronica: That's just the trouble—it hasn't.

Andre: I'm a busy man. It's not like you to call up and start making jokes.

Veronica: We can put on a roof.

Andre: Oh yes. I will stop work now—get some shingles and nails, and—

Veronica: I told the man we'd take it.

Andre: Oh.

You see how simple everything is. We didn't promise each other a thing. So I went out and looked at the house.

Of course, the house didn't have a roof. There weren't any floors in the place. Or trees. What I thought were trees, from a distance were simply tall weeds. And to anyone accustomed to living in Hollywood, this place was a suburb of San Francisco.

BUT it was a dream that no amount of wishful thinking could have created. Twenty-three and a half acres and back of that, some scrubby trees and vestiges of the Mission Road.

"There must be at least a thousand sheep on that next hill," I said to Veronica, trying to be casual.

"Yes," she said. "It's wonderful. When they can't sleep, *they* can count *us*."

So, because we had to move out of our Beverly Hills home in two days . . . because this was the sort of place I'd always wanted . . . because I couldn't say no and live . . . and because we had the down payment—it took us just two hours to acquire our permanent home.

The next night I left for the Utah location of "Ramrod" in a peaceful frame of mind. Veronica was safe at home with the children and her cousin, Helen. Not until I arrived home did I discover that my dear wife had sat up most of the night, a .38 automatic in her lap.

Seems they'd heard footsteps shortly after dark. Then Veronica looked up to see a head of blond hair pass the window. Helen turned on all the lights. Veronica turned them out.

"I saw a movie once," she said. "If we sit around in the light, we're a sure target. If we sit in the dark, whoever it is outside will be the target."

Veronica is not a bad markswoman, but she didn't have a chance that night. The next morning, still prowling after the prowler, she found him—I mean her—a mother opossum and her two little furs. Mother had been nervously pacing back and forth at the windows, looking in at the intruders and making sounds like human footsteps. Fortunately, I was not present. For, unlike Veronica, I probably would have put four bullets in the ceiling, driven the dogs a little crazy and wakened the neighbors for five miles.

Before we were married, I'd heard some things about Veronica. Of course, Veronica had heard some things about me, too. But we never found out our important characteristics until after marriage.

I had always assumed that I was a competent human being who took critical events in a calm stride. Veronica, I reasoned, would quite likely go to pieces a little under severe strain. So as the birth of our son approached, I was prepared to be a considerable comfort to her. For months I had been correcting the doctor

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when he spoke of the arrival of "the baby."

"You mean the day my *son* is born," I'd say.

"That," Dr. McBurney replied, "is a dangerous prediction. The baby is likely to be your daughter."

"Son."

"Oh, all right, *son*."

To all this, Veronica had nothing more than a small smile.

Then on the evening of a certain October 23rd, I inquired how she felt.

"Please turn out the light," she said, ignoring my solicitude. "I want to get a lot of sleep tonight, because tomorrow is your *son's* birthday."

At six a.m. I opened one eye and watched Veronica engaged in the business of packing a small bag. She came back to bed quietly and dropped off to sleep. Heroically, I kept my head on the pillow until six-thirty. Then I got up, put on my clothes and woke Veronica.

"I'm ready," I announced.

"Well, I'm not," she said, and went back to sleep. At noon we went to the hospital. Dr. McBurney was there.

"We've come for the birth of my son."

The good doctor glared at me. "Veronica, I think you had better take this madman out to lunch. Come back this afternoon." We went to Restaurant La-Rue. I told a few people about this being my son's birthday. Veronica didn't hit me with anything. It was exactly 3:15. I remember thinking that I'd never been able to capture such suspense in a movie.

At 3:30 Veronica said, "We'd better go."

About a half hour later Dr. McBurney showed up grinning.

"Don't tell me," I yelled. "It's a *son!*"

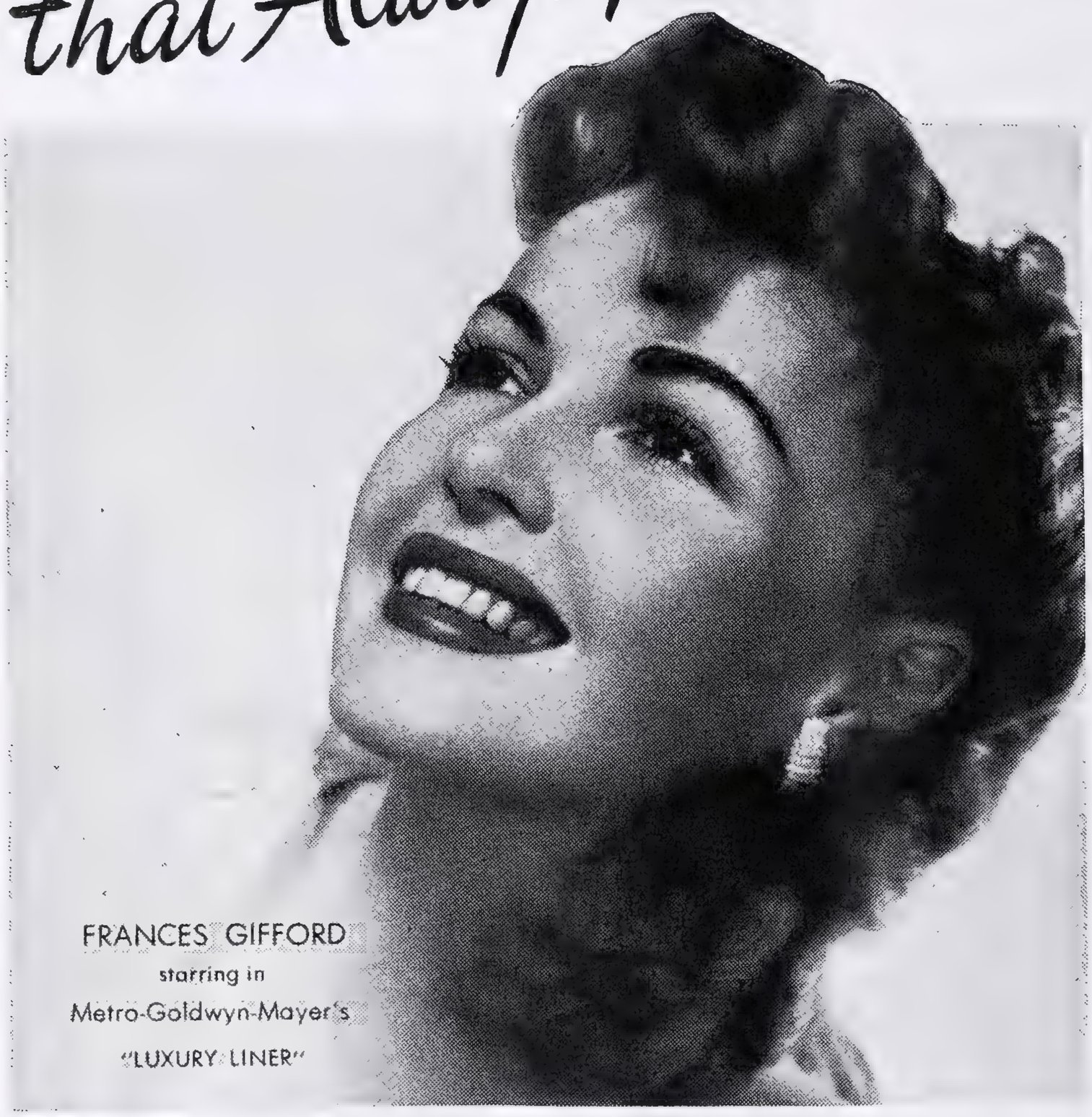
"All right," he retorted, "have it your way." And sure enough, I did.

Veronica says that I have had my fun and that she expects me not to take such a major hand in the blessed event that is due next fall.

The other day I was asked if I thought two careers in the family were bad for marriage. I replied that Veronica was just finishing a picture called "Isn't It Romantic?" and that I was finishing "Pitfall" and that the titles had nothing to do with each other. I had a point there. In any event, Veronica and I took one of those husband and wife quiz tests one night to see whether or not we were suited to each other. According to the test, we should have called our lawyers.

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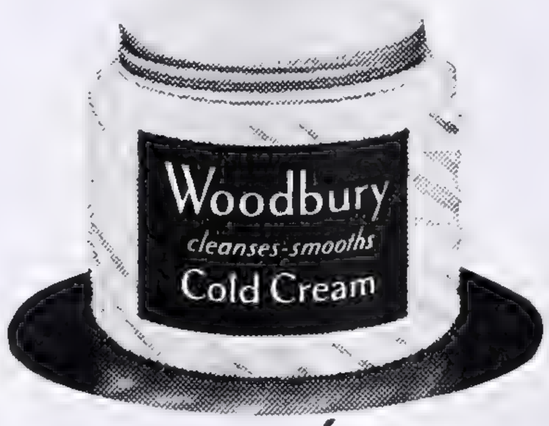


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Read "My True Romance" by John Nelson in the August issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine . . . the true story of his own courtship and marriage.

To be truthful, we seem to be too busy to apply much mental strain to our marriage. For example, while we had a home but no sensible roof over our heads, there was the matter of putting up a pup tent in the nursery. That was the only way to keep the children dry when the deluge came. Elaine and Michael didn't want to give up the pup tent when the roof was finally on. We had to convince them that there was really going to be a finished house someday, and who were they to stand in the way of progress?

THE other day Veronica said to me, as I arrived home from town: "Something happened this afternoon. Michael crawled into the cement mixer and the children were trying to get it started." I had a little talk with Michael. Then I noticed that he had a black eye.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"In school," he replied. "I took Jimmy's girl away."

I don't worry about my son, though. When I don't hear him around, dismantling the house only slightly slower than it's being put together, I go outside and whistle. Somewhere in the waving grass of the field below I'll see Red come running hell bent—and behind him Michael's head bobbing up and down.

At first the country frightened Veronica and me a little. Now we love it. Which reminds me. For Veronica's birthday, which is next November 14th, I am giving her three brand-new assorted varieties of trees. I'm certain she'll be happier to see me drive into the yard with these loaded on a truck, than if I showed up with an orchid in one hand and some sort of necklace in the other.

Somehow, I may have given the impression that we're turning into farmers. That isn't so. Of course, we do have a flock of chickens. Maybe there'll be a cow one of these days, too, but that department is run by the children.

And we hope we're not going to lose too many of our friends because we live twenty-five miles from Hollywood. To insure ourselves against that, we're building a walk-in icebox as a part of the inside-outside kitchen. That way people who drop in can pick out their own steaks and hold their own barbecue, even if we've been called out on an emergency, such as the birth of a new calf.

The swimming pool is now only a set of stakes in the ground. Eventually it will be just outside our living room window—far enough away so that no guest will be tempted to leap from his chair and into the water.

Our house has a roof now. In a month or so the new play patio for the baby on the way will be completed. The children's room is nearly complete, so that the nursery can become my study.

Then I can sit back and think up a few promises to make to Veronica. I might even get around to proposing to my wife. I neglected that item before we were married. In fact, there was so much confusion that a policeman stationed outside the house refused to let me in for the ceremony. I never would have taken part in it if Veronica hadn't suddenly wondered where I was.

As I write these last lines, I am looking forward to the sort of peaceful, routine marriage the magazine psychologists recommend. The only interruption is a loud squawk from the kitchen, and a voice yelling, "Bundy—come quick—look what's happened now!"

Who's that? Why, The Professor—our pet parrot. He's the living proof that our marriage must be working out quite well. He hasn't even learned to swear!

THE END



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I Remember Irene

(*Continued from page* 36) There is the story Tom and I chuckle over. The teacup story we call it. I had really shopped, one Christmas, to find eggshell thin cups and saucers for the Griffin gift. When I found what I wanted, I was enchanted with them. I loved the pattern and delicacy of the china. Irene was delighted to receive them. Months later, one evening, after we'd dined with Irene and Frank, I exclaimed over the cups. Quickly and characteristically Irene said, "I'll give them to you." It was obvious she'd forgotten they were my gift to her. Forthrightly, I said, "Why, Irene, I gave them to *you!*" There was the barest flicker behind her eyes. Then sweetly, calmly, adroitly, "But as you love them so much I was sure you'd let me return them to you." That's our girl!

Casual and conscientious . . . Irene's invitations are almost toss-offs. "We're having some people in for dinner. If you'd like to come you'll probably enjoy meeting them and they'll probably like you, too. Dinner's around seven or seven-thirty. Wear whatever you like." So you go. And you dress. And you meet the most expertly selected combination of guests. Folks who strike the conversational spark, whose enthusiasms and information make the evening memorable. The dinner is perfect. And on such occasions Irene's eyes are alert. Every detail is important—nothing is forgotten.

CALM and determined . . . No one, friend or co-worker, can quote an argument with the lady. She never says "no" to a suggestion no matter how unresponsive she is to it. Her tact is unlimited. She says with deceptive lack of emphasis, "I just think maybe that isn't the best thing to do." It's a silly person who, hours or days or weeks later, thinks to persuade her otherwise.

Our real friendship dates from the night of a party at Elsa Maxwell's. My engagement to Tom had just been announced. Congratulations were many and extravagant. Irene's was typical—warm, straightforward, sincere. Frank stood behind her, beaming at me. Backing her up, as always. "We've known Tom a long time and now we know you. This will be a *good* and *right* marriage. We are especially happy for Tom." That was the precise moment I lost my "actresses-can't-be-friends" theory. She and Frank knew Tom so well—they knew me so little. They made me so *welcome* into their love for Tom.

Fragile and strong . . . There is, of course, the obvious physical contrast in this category. Irene is slender, unhurried, feminine. And, surprisingly, one of the sturdiest, athletic golfers in town. I know that her game is the envy of most of the rabid males who chase that capricious ball over the courses. But it is not this physically fragile and strong contrast that I admire. It's the delicacy with which she lives her philosophy and the stamina she brings to her proof of it. Frank and Irene have been married more than a little while. They are tried and true partners. Frank's smile is sweet and warm, reflecting his deep and uncritical affection for human beings. His quiet, his unobtrusiveness makes him the kind of person one takes for granted.

So, on that day, a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken, the shock was shattering. "Not *Frank!*" That anything could happen to Frank was unbelievable to all of us. And most of all—to Irene.

It was in the long weeks and months which followed that Irene played her greatest role. Her career did not exist.

She lived for two weeks at the hospital. Her world lay still in the adjoining room. A man's heartbeat measured the passing hours. It was while Frank was, in a manner of speaking, absent from the scene, that Hollywood became aware of his stature. Recognized his strength and fineness. Understood his wife's devotion.

Frank came slowly back from the far places and Irene breathed normally again. Our hearts rejoiced. Everything was as it was before. No, I can't say that. On the surface, maybe. But underneath we've all a new appreciation of Frank. A valuation of his infinite capacity for interest and concern for every one of us—from our son Christopher, his godchild, to Miss Shankey, our housekeeper.

When Tom and I got to our room the night of the Academy Awards, I found a note on my pillow. It was signed "Frank and Irene" and its content, brief and forthright, is too close to be shared. Earlier that day we'd had a four-way phone conversation and I'd assured Irene there was no chance of my winning.

When we got home from church the next morning the Griffins were parked in the driveway. They were bubbling with happiness. The famous Griffin calm was nonexistent. I know that if the Oscar had been in Irene's possession they would have been calm. But their delight for me had unbridled excitement in it.

SEEMS, night before, the Griffins had gone to bed early with the radio tuned to the Awards program. They were relaxed and ready to go to sleep as soon as the final announcement was made. When the surprise of my name hit their ears they jumped from their beds, rushed to their dressing rooms, dressed frantically. Then ensued the one incoherent scene in my memory book of them.

"We'll get right down there," they said as they met, fully dressed, in their room. "Yes," they chorused as Frank found his car keys. "We'll have to hurry," said Irene. "They'll expect us," said Frank. They started down the stairs.

"We'd better go right backstage"—Irene.

"She'll be awfully busy"—Frank.

"Maybe we'd better go right to Mocambo"—Irene.

"Nobody expects us at that party"—Frank.

"What party?"—Irene.

"I don't know"—Frank.

They were at the door now. They turned blankly toward each other as their hands met on the doorknob. They burst into hilarious laughter. "What are we *doing* here?" Irene giggled as Frank boomed, "Where do we think we're going, anyway?" They laughed and laughed and sank on the steps—and laughed some more. Then, Frank rebolted the door, turned out the lights and they went back upstairs chuckling. Irene called our house, dictated their little note, asked that it be put on my pillow. And then, lights out, they talked back and forth, picturing my surprise, delight, excitement.

By the time they finished their recounting we were all at the breakfast table. Irene kept looking at me. "You deserved it," she repeated. "You deserved it." And, "I'm glad—glad."

The sincerity, the heartwarming unselfishness in her eyes brought a lump to my throat. Because I knew, somehow, she'd have said the same, "You deserve it," out of her loyalty and affection and understanding, though in a different tone of voice, if I hadn't come home with Oscar clutched in my hand.

She is a person of importance, my friend Mrs. Frank Griffin. She is an actress of rare and authentic ability, my friend Irene Dunne.

THE END



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Star In Your Home

(*Continued from page* 57) in both rooms I put a cornice up against the ceiling. This touch of architectural detail prevents any look of bareness. The bedspread and pillows of Paulette's bed I covered in a matching cloth of gold, without the plaid.

Since neither of this apartment's bedrooms is large, the furniture needed to be kept at a minimum. I got a day bed for Buzz, put Roman-striped bolsters at either end. That bit of nonsense you see hanging over it is merely the same fabric as the curtains, trimmed with bright ball-fringe, and looped over a curved hook. It gives dramatic emphasis to an otherwise drab wall and it couldn't be simpler to make. It is a perfectly straight piece of the fabric. The draping over the hook does the decorative trick. Buzz's room being too small for dresser space, I moved some of his dressers into the large closet off the bedroom—the balance of both his and Paulette's into the living room.

DON'T rear back at that remark. These are new, very decorative chests, that open at a touch, thereby eliminating knobs and handles, and permitting their use anywhere in a house.

The Merediths' bare living room was certainly the low of nothing when I started with it. I put in steps to lead to what became a terrace instead of merely the roof over the floor below. The steps serve several other purposes, too.

One is tricking you into believing the living room itself is higher and larger. It gives a second "conversational corner," or what Paulette calls "her after-dinner coffee corner." The gold-painted, wooden slats, woven together, by hand, with gold, mauve, coral and green wools is a pattern typical of Dorothy Leibus, distinguished designer of decorating fabrics. You can weave such blinds for yourself by going over and under every other slat with brightly-colored wools.

Paulette is an art collector and any place built for her must take cognizance of this fact. I chose the main corner of her living room as the focal point for her best paintings. In order to let the pictures hang at the best eye level, I bought especially low, comfortable chairs, made with the very new foam rubber and covered in beige. They are all actually separate, but can be put together into a couch.

I completed the room with tables in modern lines and a chest identical with the one in the dining room. With the addition of two big lounge chairs in gold, two straight chairs and two armchairs—the room was then ready for either large or small conversation groups.

One of the greatest virtues of "modern" furniture is its adaptability to small rooms. So for the dining room I got as narrow, simple chairs as I could and kept everything else in scale. I had two wallpaper-covered screens at either side of the window instead of drapes. These, you can make for yourself, too, if you are ambitious and thrifty. Again, shooting at the height illusion, I carried their line up to the ceiling, a principle you would, of course, reverse if you want to lower the general effect.

I especially recommend this type of furnishing for an apartment to young people, who may be planning to build their own home at some later date. The plain chests in the living room and bedroom could become bedroom chests in a large house. The foam rubber chairs could serve in a patio or playroom.

THE END

Next month, I'll write about dressing rooms, closets and baths. Or, perhaps I should say, I'll try to throw some light on a frequently very dark subject.

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The Mickey Flynn

(*Continued from page* 49) a seacoast town on the island of Tasmania. For sheer do and dare these adventures outdid anything Warner Brothers could think up. He'd taken care of that bit of eulogistic scribbling. "You kill me," he had written. "I love it, of course, but you know I'm not even brave at home, now don't you?"

A little further on where we had attempted to show Errol's consideration for others, his kindness and even his gentleness, by quoting Clark Gable, who had remarked upon these qualities in him, we encountered another penciled rebuke. "Now why do you suddenly start talking about Gable?"

Gable howled when we told him later.

Errol's pride in Nora, his beautiful wife, is touching, and where we had referred to her with deep affection he'd written, "Now you're cookin', kid," which frankly isn't worthy of Flynn at all. His caustic wit falters when it concerns Nora and only once, in reference to her, did he resort to the humorous. We'd related how Nora was the realistic, the less emotional member of the family, who, through meals, constantly cautioned her husband to eat. We'd told how one evening, Mr. Flynn, who seemingly eats nothing, went right on drawing imaginary maps on the tablecloth with his fork.

"Now here's Jamaica," he had said.

"Eat your dinner," Nora had interrupted.

"And here's Haiti."

"Where's Haiti?" Nora had asked.

"Here."

"You're wrong. It's a piece of noodle. Eat your dinner."

Beneath this anecdote Errol had penciled—"well, if she'd learn to cook . . . No, strike that out! Mine has been a turbulent life. Peace. That's me."

Nora Eddington Flynn, of course, is only amused at her husband's kidding comments. Her unaffectedness and honesty, plus an understanding beyond her twenty-three years, are qualities that constantly elicit pride in her husband.

RECENTLY, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn met Nora for the first time in Palm Springs. "My dear young lady," he said, "you should be in pictures!" Nora lifted her eyebrows. "Why, Mr. Goldwyn, that's the very line Flynn gave me years ago." While Mr. Goldwyn was recovering, Nora explained that Mr. Flynn was her husband.

"This was no crack," Errol penciled in under this anecdote in our manuscript. "Just an ingenuous honest comment. No pretense. No guile. Just Nora, the person."

Just as there is no guile in Nora, there is little conceit in Errol. Basically and above all surface imperfections, he is instinctively a gentleman.

Deeply sensitive, he's easily thrown for a loop by a blow to his pride, or an insult to his intelligence. His humor is sharp and snaps with a zing. He's nervous and highly strung as a cat sensing the eerie.

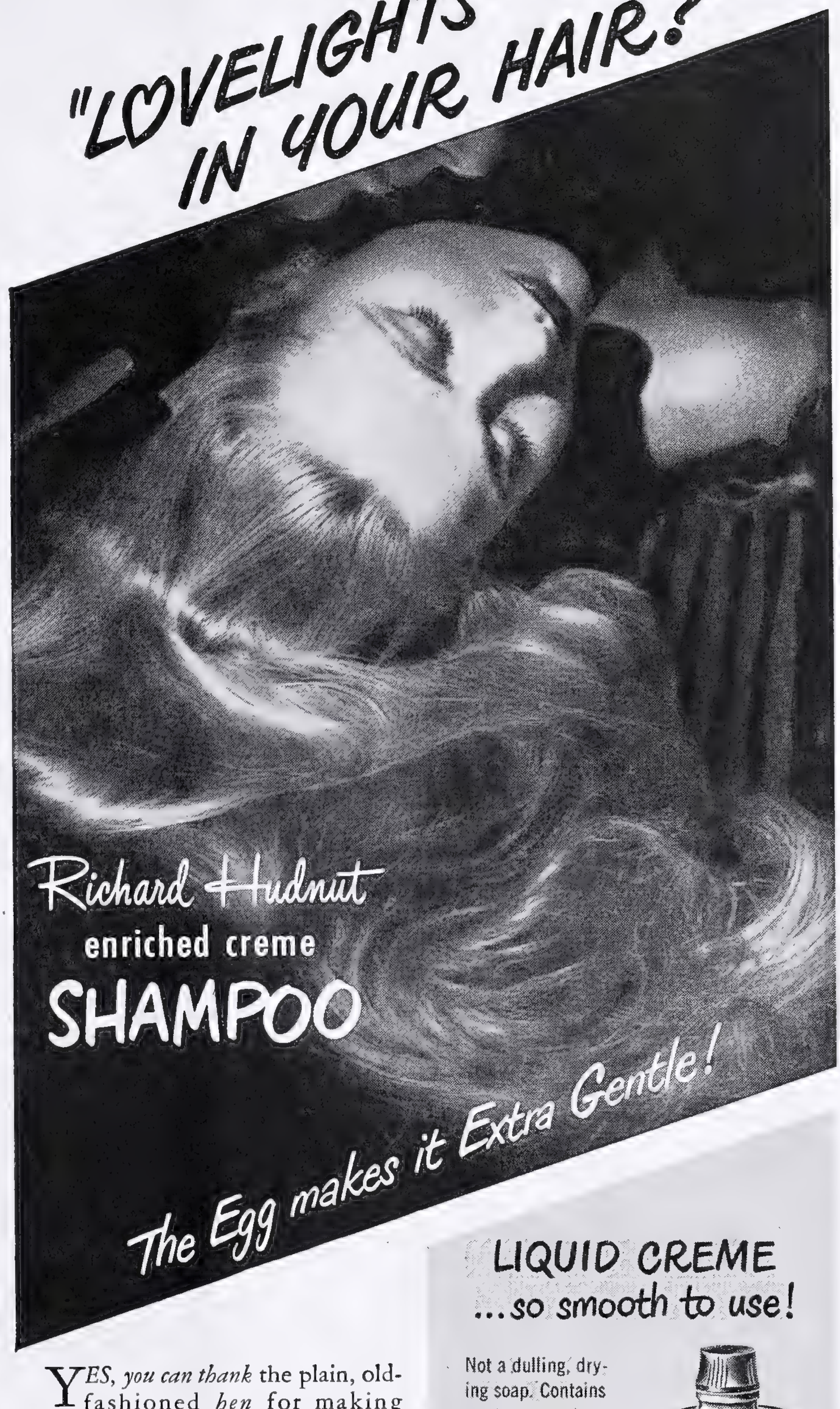
Come to think of it, his walk has the tread of a feline and his eyes their tawny color. And so help us if the Flynn pencil ever got round to these words, he'd kill us dead with a pencil of lead—bless his heart.

Errol possesses little or no vanity. He neither preens nor fusses. After a heated game of tennis and an hour in his own steam room he is liable to emerge with a large Turkish towel wrapped about his throat and forget it's there throughout the rest of the day.

Alone with Nora or a guest, he's apt to dine in a bathrobe, perhaps the yellow one given him by Nora and rakishly dotted with wolf heads as a kidding suggestion.

There is no formality, no swanky pre-

Do men see thrilling



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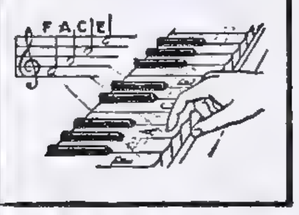
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tensions, or the usual Hollywood folderol in the Flynn home. Entirely free of the social bounds that encompass the lives and activities of big stars, he invites whom he pleases. It may be an actor out of work, or odd and sundry characters he may know only slightly.

Errol designed their home atop Mulholland Drive, a beautiful house with a magnificent view. He forgot to provide a formal entrance, and as a result visitors calling for the first time are dumbstruck to find themselves in the kitchen without knowing how or why they got there. They are even more befuddled to find themselves leaving through a powder room that leads through the garage to the hills beyond.

An odd-looking sort of bowlegged cat that seems to have come down off the mountain for the purpose of snooping, a small monkey called Cheeta, a growing police dog and an underslung dachshund have the run of the place. "Of course," Errol adds, "we had a horse, too, but being still on suspension—we ate him. A noble animal, however."

His pencil got to work, we noticed, when we spoke of his devotion to his children; Sean, a handsome lad by his former wife, Lili Damita, and three-year-old Deidre and baby Rory, his children by Nora. ("Please don't mention the time I tried to send Deidre to work at Warner Brothers instead of to school," he had written.)

Hmmm! He can say these things with such a straight face, too. Or rather write them with such a scathing pencil.

Deidre calls him "Baron," a nickname picked up from a friend of her father's.

Toy swords and hats, replicas of his own worn in "The Adventures of Don Juan, are given as gifts to his handsome son Sean. And when Rory appears downstairs on a Sunday or when her father is home, he's the first to say, "All right, Rory, how about a dance?" And little Rory, delighted, rhythmically balances herself first on one foot and then on the other.

When we came to this part of our manuscript, Errol's pencil must have been seized by St. Vitus Dance, for barbed notes and suggestions covered the papers.

It was too much. We laid down our manuscript and looked at him.

"Never," we assured him, "have we taken such a ribbing."

"Ribbing!" said Flynn. "Wait till you print this and watch us sue you."

And you know we wouldn't put it past him.

THE END

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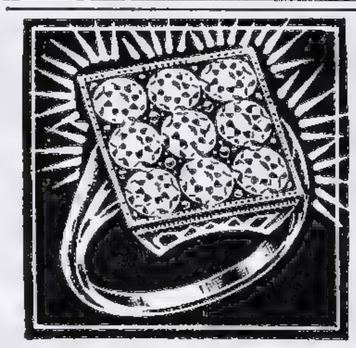
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Temple Lullaby

(*Continued from page* 35) argument. "But they are never serious," he had smiled. "We try to get one another's viewpoint about things." Since John himself has become an actor—and a darn good one, I might add—he said he understood many things about having a career he hadn't had patience with before.

And, as Shirley and I talked, I was amazed at the adjustments she has made. For instance, she loathes poker, but John loves it, so she is trying to learn.

"John and my Dad were up at Del Monte playing golf," Shirley told me. "So last night I invited our close friends, Joyce Reynolds and Don Gallery (Zasu Pitts's son) in for an evening of poker. I wanted to learn some fine points and surprise John when he came back. I guess I was pretty bad," she sighed. "Don and Joyce didn't stay very long! I can't get as enthused over football as John does, either," she went on, "and he isn't as crazy about tennis as I. But we're both trying."

It is obvious that these little things of marriage are far more important in the young bride's eyes than the fact that she is more famous than her good-looking husband and makes more money. In the years I have known Shirley, I have never heard her talk about money.

LUCKILY, I doubt if this will ever present a hurdle to them because John has no reticence at all about finances. He very frankly told me, "I pay all the household and food expenses out of my salary. But Shirley buys her own clothes. That particular item is way out of my pocketbook limits."

What wise youngsters they are. Instead of skirting problems that have wrecked some Hollywood marriages, these two kids bring them out in the open—and then forget them.

Shirley gets an enormous kick out of reading John's fan mail even when it is on the "smoochy" side. At first, they had thought it would be cute to send out pictures together. "But I changed his mind about *that*," said Shirley flatly. "I told him, Charles Boyer and James Mason don't send out pictures with *their* wives."

"You know," she began, suddenly very serious, "I'm trying not to be foolish about the baby. I tell myself she is quite all right and I don't have to be looking at her every five minutes. But when I go out for just an hour's shopping, I find myself dashing back like the house was on fire. I'm so afraid something important, like the first time she talks or tries to stand up will happen while I am away.

"Already it makes me a little sad that she is outgrowing some of her *littlest* clothes. The only good thing about that is that she has so much—enough clothes for fifty babies—that we can send the outgrowns and the overflows to the Children's Hospital.

"If there is any one thing I wish for my baby it is this: That she grows up to be independent, standing on her own feet, leading her own life. John and I will stand by to help her—but never to force her.

"Frankly, I don't think we need worry much. She is already the most independent person I have ever seen. Why, she does just what she wants to—and she's snooty about it, too."

I had to laugh at that—a haughty baby at six months!

Well, this much I will wager—Miss Susie will be a happy little girl. For the happiest little girl the world has ever known is her mother.

THE END

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She Says It with Music

(*Continued from page* 43) piece. June pranced away to her own piping and she hasn't stopped prancing. She is doing ballet pirouettes now as Marilyn Miller in "Silver Lining," saving Warner Brothers the anticipated expense of a double.

June's piccolo landed her in the first grade orchestra. From there Junie's career rolled out like the barrel polka. She was a celebrity in Rock Island at thirteen. To a man of Mr. Dick Johnson's master mold, who wanted a homebody and regular victuals, Miss Haver's record looked black. All Junie can cook to this day is split pea soup. Mr. Johnson, a steak man, had been around as long as Junie. He knew the score. He could tick off her record chronologically.

Miss Haver was formidable and in Mr. Johnson's considered opinion a matrimonial hazard. She was not for his domestic handlebars. He pedalled sternly away but only around the block.

"OKAY," he said to the bleak career woman. "Hop on, but this is as far as it goes, understand."

Miss Haver elatedly hopped. She wasn't angling a diamond out of Mr. Johnson or even a mink; she was happy to settle for friendship.

A couple of years later she was attending high school in Beverly Hills, a sophomore. With her mother she had toured to California with Ted Fio-Rito's band. She persuaded mama to stay in Hollywood.

The door bell rang. The mailman delivered her a package. Inside a box was a paper bag tied elaborately with twine, inside the bag a stuffing of paper and deep down, like a prize in a grab bag, a little cloisonne heart: From Dick Johnson to the Career Girl on his handlebars.

That's all, understand. Dick is a family man now and June's good friend. He was one of the celebrants of June Haver Day that lasted three days in Rock Island where "Three Little Girls In Blue" was given its world premiere.

The mayor of Rock Island embraced Junie on that occasion and she left red lip prints on his bald head, whereupon he made her honorary mayor and retired. Mayors from five other towns rushed up expectantly. Corsages arrived on the hour.

In the parade Junie kept yelling "Hi" at old friends and calling them by nickname. She had a fabulous memory. That weekend at the football game she kicked off her shoes and led the cheering. She was the girl on everyone's handlebars.

She felt a little sad though, remembering one old friend. Wendell Willkie was the second man in her life. Sort of a rebound from Mr. Johnson. June was fourteen then. Mr. Willkie came to Rock Island on his campaign for presidency. She was his right hand at the banquet.

"I felt sorry for him," she said. "We were all Democrats."

Sympathy hatches love in the motherly bosom.

"He is the only man I have ever asked for an autograph," she said.

"Was it love?" she was asked.

"It must have been," she said. "I went out and made speeches for him. Me, a Democrat."

That's as far as it went, understand, Mr. Willkie being espoused.

With Mr. Willkie's autograph and Mr. Johnson's cloisonne heart, June settled down in Beverly Hills to being a career woman, all foolishness behind her. She was pushing on sixteen.

Inveigling studios was not a great task for this seasoned trouper. She set her mind on the Fox handlebars and that's where she set her 102 pounds.



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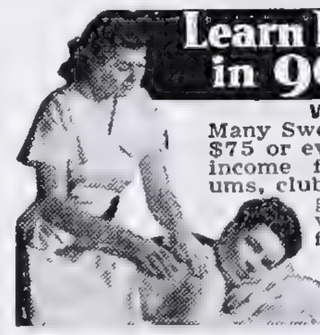
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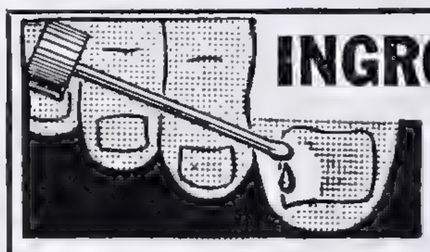


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Her first picture was "Home in Indiana" in 1944. Then she did "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Where Do We Go From Here?" The answer to that was straight to stardom via "The Dolly Sisters."

Romance flickered a promise on the set of "Irish Eyes Are Smiling." June was at work on her darned old algebra lesson with her teacher, between scenes, when she beheld a handsome apparition, the dance director. The dream didn't last. A few days later he came on throttled in bandages. He had suffered a tonsillectomy.

"Where is my dream?" moaned Junie.

"On the operating table," said her grim teacher.

Junie got a toothache, possibly as a nervous reaction. Dick Haymes packed her off to his dentist in Beverly Hills. Dr. John Duzik is a very personable dentist. He was the football hero of USC not so long ago. Almost instantly Junie's toothache was made to go away and Dr. Duzik became the Family Friend.

Then Ted Fio-Rito's band came to town with Jimmie Zito. Jimmie is only a few years older than Junie. They were the kids of the band when Junie toured with it. They went around together. After Junie settled in Beverly, Jimmie continued with the band. Every time it came around he popped in to see her. He was her oldest friend it seemed. Jimmie thought they should continue growing old together. He suggested flying off to Las Vegas and getting married. It seemed reasonable, everyone was doing it. But when it came to settling down afterward as old married folks they were a bust. They parted, reconciled, parted again finally in divorce last March.

"THAT," says Junie with a definite flip of the hand, "is a closed book."

"Not closing the marriage book entirely I hope!" cried an anguished male.

"Well," said Miss Haver speculatively, "I want to have at least two babies, so I guess not."

Asked if space had been reserved by the medical profession, she laughed. "D.D.S. you mean?"

"J.D. specifically."

She said no, this was a democracy and her book was open to all professions irrespective of.

She likes radio men because they are quick, as she is, in putting things together. And of course, she adores writers, especially reporters. A Chicago cub at her Haver Day celebration in Rock Island could have taken her for a ride on his handlebars.

"I was being installed as honorary mayor," she said. "Everyone was taking it big and solemn. Photographers and reporters stood around the room. The mayor had just installed me in his chair when this Chicago man yelled, 'Put your feet on the desk and hold a cigar in your hand.'"

That's Miss Haver's dream of a man, for dignified occasions anyhow. There must be laughter and personality and sincerity.

"Insincerity is a stain that ruins the whole ensemble," says she.

Her extravagance is records and next, books. She has a player and recorder in her bedroom, another in the den. There is always music floating through the Haver house, a two story Colonial, three minutes from the studio. Even the ash trays are in theme; they are shaped as fiddles and drums and piccolos.

The vicissitudes of love have not depressed the Career Girl. She still dreams.

"I dream in Technicolor," she says.

"Reporters are fine in Technicolor," said a reporter.

"Uhuh, their language is," said Miss Haver, buoyantly accepting a ride on his handlebars.

THE END

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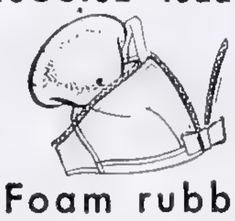
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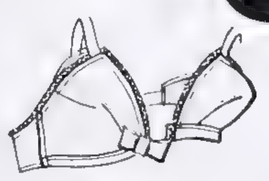
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Choose Your Star

(*Continued from page* 72) initial bow in "Captain from Castile." Looks torrid and thinks coolly.

Donald Buka: Current picture, "Street with No Name." Next, "Vendetta." Not handsome but a terrific voice. Only average height but gifted with quiet intensity.

Richard Widmark: Current picture, "Street with No Name." Next, "Roadhouse." Won Academy nomination for "Kiss of Death." Deliberately plays down his good looks. Has Ladd-type menace.

Joanne de Bergh: Current picture, "Northside 777." Born in Holland. Was active in the Dutch underground. Highly emotional type.

Betty Ann Lynn: Current picture, "Sitting Pretty." An ex-musical comedy cutie from Broadway via a tour of the Burma Road during the war. Pixie type with sex.

Coleen Townsend: Current picture, "Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay." Next picture, "The Walls of Jericho." Another college grad. Wholesome, average American type.

Paramount

Paramount has been so busy "discovering" the past few years, and putting its newcomers across so rapidly—witness John Lund—that it requires few replacements. Even its three newest-comers are already virtually stars. They are:

Wanda Hendrix: Current picture, "Now and Forever." Next picture, "Tatlock Millions." The tiniest starlet, less than five feet tall, weighs less than a hundred pounds, but vividly dramatic and poignant.

Mona Freeman: Current picture, "Isn't It Romantic?" Next, "The Streets of Laredo." Is a wife and mother but looks sixteen. Has wonderful comedy flair, cute face, knockout figure.

Macdonald Carey: Current picture, "Hazard." Next picture, "Dream Girl." Can play either drama or comedy. Very tall, very handsome and the way he bats his lashes drives femmes wild.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The home of Gable, Pidgeon, Tracy, Garson, Hepburn and lots of others has eight potential personalities under contract:

Ricardo Montalban: Current picture, "On an Island with You." Next, "Neptune's Daughter." Hard to figure how he could miss, as he can act, sing, dance, speak several languages and has SEX.

Marshall Thompson: Current picture, "Homecoming." Next, "Words and Music." On screen, the young Jimmy Stewart type of humor and charm. Off screen, favorite escort of sub-deb glamour girls.

Janet Leigh: Next picture, "Hills of Home." Such a naturally good actress she was sensational in such a bad picture as "If Winter Comes." Other stars help her, a rare quality!

Betty Garrett: Current picture, "Big City." Next picture, "Words and Music." Larry Parks's wife and a Broadway hit in "Call Me Mister." Can act, sing, dance and wear clothes, all outstandingly.

Angela Lansbury: Current picture, "State of the Union." Next picture, "Three Musketeers." Only twenty, but already a distinguished character actress, can play a heavy or a heroine with ease.

Audrey Totter: Current picture, "Saxon Charm." Next picture, "Dark Circle." Gentlemen stars fight for her to play opposite them, a potent factor in her favor.

Montgomery Clift: Current picture, "The Search." Next picture, "Red River." Feminine response to his humor, handsomeness and ease on "Red River" previews makes him look hot.

Arlene Dahl: Current picture, "The Bride Goes Wild." Next picture, "Southern Yankee." Signed by M-G-M from Warner Bros. Generally conceded most beautiful

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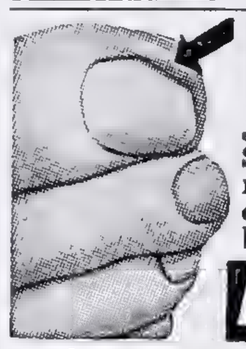
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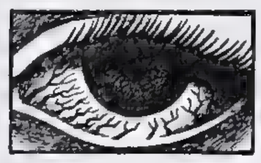
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newcomer to all Hollywood. Red hair, big blue eyes, flawless skin, wide-eyed attitude. Wolves howling. Other girls hating.

Samuel Goldwyn

Samuel Goldwyn has been a star maker every since the days of Colman and Banky, on up through Danny Kaye. But Goldwyn says his two newest youngsters are the most talented he has ever seen. They are:

Cathy O'Donnell: Current picture, "Your Red Wagon." Next, "Roseanna McCoy." The poetic appeal of Jeanne Crain with the down-to-earthness of Stanwyck. Twenty-four and dangerously romantic.

Farley Granger: Current picture, "Your Red Wagon." Next picture, "Rope." Handsome, intense, just past twenty. Off screen, very American boy going in for sports. On screen, registers brooding intensity of a young Bogart, plus sensitive tenderness.

Warner Brothers

Warners has always been a studio that did better with men than with women, as stars. Yet on their list of newcomers the girls outnumber the boys. As, for instance:

Doris Day: Current picture, "Romance on the High Seas." Next picture, "My Dream Is Yours." Was signed for "Romance on the High Seas" when they couldn't get Betty Hutton. Has bounce, a voice, is both gay and pathetic.

Geraldine Brooks: Current picture, "The Case Against Calvin Cooke." Next picture, "Embraceable You." Young and beautiful with a bewitching quality that makes men notice her, women snub her. Privately wealthy, which is no handicap.

John Dall: Current picture, "Another Part of the Forest." Next picture, "Rope." Off-beat type, not easily classified. Plays drama or comedy with equal facility.

Viveca Lindfors: Current picture, "To the Victor." Next picture, "Adventures of Don Juan." Swedish-born, trained at same school as Bergman. Studio impressed.

Gig Young: Current picture, "Woman in White." Next picture, "Three Musketeers." Was Warner contractee, now freelancing. Very handsome, most persuasive. Career interrupted by war, expected to go into new high now.

Janis Paige: Current picture, "Winter Meeting." Next picture, "One Sunday Afternoon." The Amazon type, with a sense of humor, married to money. Can sing and dance and reveals acting ability.

Edmond O'Brien: Current picture, "Another Part of the Forest." Next picture, "Everybody's Sweetheart." A young character actor with terrific background, stage, screen, Shakespeare.

Eagle Lion

The newest company, Eagle-Lion has three twinklers it is backgrounding.

June Lockhart: Current picture, "T-Men." Next picture (written just for her), "The World and Little Willie." Scored hit on the Broadway stage last winter. Not beautiful but freshly delightful.

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Richard Basehart: Current picture, "Repeat Performance." Next picture "29 Clues." Not handsome, but successful stage background. Critics' type of actor. Strong studio endorsement.

Lois Butler: Her first picture, "Mickey," a remake of an earlier star's success, Mable Normand's. Lois is seventeen, four feet ten, a coloratura soprano with great musical (highbrow) experience.

Universal-International

Here is a definitely experimental studio. In the past year has done films as "different" as "A Double Life," "All My Sons," and "Letter from an Unknown Woman." Its selection of new personalities shows this same range, the most sure-fire of whom would seem to be:

Don Taylor: His current picture is "The Naked City." His next, "Everybody's Sweetheart." He was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox before war got him—rediscovered by the late great Mark Hellinger. Tall, good-looking, like the most popular boy in an average town. Sensitive, intelligent.

Helena Carter: Current picture, "River Lady." Next, "The O'Flynn." Irish, with beauty and brains. Was on the editorial staff of "Mademoiselle." Hollywood wolves are aware of her, a popularity sign.

Dorothy Hart: Current picture, "The Naked City." Next picture, "Larceny." Was a "cover girl" appearing on almost all magazines. Discovered, like Don Taylor, by Hellinger. So far not registering the steam of Carter.

Marta Toren: Current picture, "Casbah." Next picture, "Rogue's Regiment." Under the Bergman influence, is Swedish and educated in Sweden. Next tallest girl to Janis Paige. Beautiful.

Shelley Winters: Current picture, "A Double Life." Next picture, "The Great Gatsby." Blonde, wonderful body job. Stood out as the waitress in "A Double Life." Being borrowed by other companies, an always sure sign of a hit.

Jeffrey Lynn: Current picture, "Whiplash." Next picture, "Everybody's Sweetheart." Not under contract. Established before the war, now coming back. Handsome, charming, but studio attitudes seem cool.

Howard Duff: Current picture, "All My Sons." Next picture, "Wildfire." Tall, dark and intense. Strong studio backing, because can play leads or characters. Off-screen ladies' man, currently dating Ava Gardner.

Robert Newton: Current picture, "Odd Man Out." Next picture, "The Unafraid." British, older than any of the "newcomers." Moody, full of temperament, intelligent, handsome.



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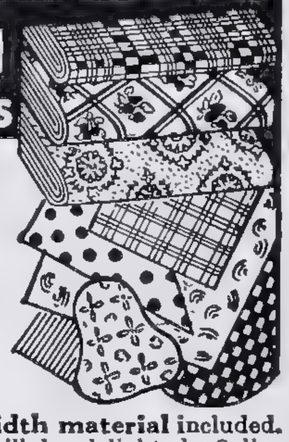
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Olga San Juan: Current picture, "Are You with It." Next picture, "One Touch of Venus." A musical comedy kid. Cute, saucy, well-liked.

Louisa Horton: Current picture, "All My Sons." No future assignment. Not under contract. Not beautiful, but distinctive. Stage experience.

David Selznick

Selznick is a star-maker of acknowledged stature. You know the record—Bergman, Peck, Jones, Cotten, Madison, Fontaine, others. The four fledgling stars in whom he most believes are:

John Agar: Current picture, "Fort Apache." Next picture, "Baltimore Escapade." Handsome, ingratiating. His studio likes his genuine humility and his wish to learn, which makes them all help him. He's married to Shirley Temple.

Rory Calhoun: Current picture, "That Hagen Girl." Next picture, "Jungle Blindness." Started very hot. Had bad luck, being cast in "B" pictures. Studio regards him as a "Victor Mature"—one who will get better with age.

Rhonda Fleming: No current picture, until "Connecticut Yankee" gets out. Beautiful and sexy but career in balance until studio decides whether or not to share contract.

Louis Jourdan: Current picture, "Letter from an Unknown Woman." Next picture, "No Minor Vices." Tall, handsome, brooding, definitely across already. Has moved into top social spotlight faster than any newcomer, playing with the big producers, etc. This is an excellent success factor.

RKO

Now that Howard Hughes has bought the studio, no one knows for sure what will happen. This insecurity has caused RKO to drop some players it likes very much and not to sign some others it likes even more. Conspicuous in this list are:

Gloria Grahame: Her current picture "Crossfire." Her next "Roughshod." Her performance in "Crossfire" won her the Academy Award nomination for best supporting actress of the year—there were only five nominations. She is under contract to RKO.

Robert Sterling: Current picture, "Secret Heart." Next picture, "Roughshod." No contract. Was at M-G-M before the war. Boyish and charming.

Tim Holt: Current picture, "Arizona Ranger." Next picture, "Guns of Hate." Another veteran. Can't seem to escape "B's" at his home studio. Warner's about to sign him for another big one, like "Treasure of Sierra Madre," which may do the trick for him.

Barbara Bel Geddes: Current picture, "I Remember Mama." Next picture, "Blood on the Moon." Not a beautiful girl but a beautiful actress. Fine educational background. Very distinctive, poised.

Joan Lorring: Last picture, "The Lost Moment." Forthcoming, "Good Sam." A little, intense girl, not easy to cast but highly effective in the right roles.

Jacqueline White: Current picture, "Return of the Bad Men." Next picture, "Mystery in Mexico." A college girl and very pretty, she is a hard luck girl. For example, started as *Ma Baxter* in "The Yearling," lost out because she looked too young and beautiful. No contract.

Lex Barker: Current picture, "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Next picture, "The Velvet Touch." He's 6'4", handsome, smart, a good bet and the new *Tarzan*.

Columbia

Columbia certainly discovers personalities, but is very uneven when it comes to handling them. Columbia is now backing three new people:

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Terry Moore: Current picture, "Return of October." Another little girl. Fresh from high school, she's beautiful enough to have been on all the magazine covers.

Janis Carter: Current picture, "Let's Fall in Love." Next picture, "Eternal Melody." A "city girl" type with a musical background all the way from church choirs to "Panama Hattie" on Broadway. Tall, chic, clever.

Ron Randell: Current picture, "The Mating of Millie." Next picture, "The Loves of Carmen." So far he's always been the "other man" but his handsome, outdoor type of charm should promote him. An Australian by birth.

United Artists

United Artists isn't a studio. It's a releasing organization, putting out certain independent pictures. It hasn't, therefore, any stars or starlets under contract, but coming out in new United Artists' releases are three girls of very different types and backgrounds.

Jeanne Cagney: Jimmy and Bill's sister, she is in the Cagneys' "The Time of Your Life." No future picture scheduled, though Hollywood would be less than surprised if she turned up in the Cagneys' production of "The Lion Is in the Streets." Another little girl with great dramatic intensity.

Joanne Dru: Next picture, "Red River." Dick Haymes's wife under contract to Howard Hawks. Darkly beautiful, highly dramatic, will be off screen for some months yet, having another little Haymes.

And that's it. The stars on whom we want you to vote. And what, you ask, was that thing we said about Guy Madison in the beginning?

The case of Guy is a typical example of the hidden factors that make or break success—in Hollywood or anywhere. Guy isn't temperamental, not at all. But he's still hard to cast, for he's young but not quite a kid; very handsome, but not instinctively an actor; good-humored but just a shade lazy and indulgent, so that he doesn't want to sacrifice all to his career.

Maybe he's right, too, in terms of human happiness. We are not going into that. But we repeat, those things influence the degree of success.

But your votes, your letters, your ticket buying—these will be the most potent factor of all. Which girl, which man among the new personalities presented this month, will you make stars? Cast your votes on the ballot on page 72, for your favorite actress and actor among them. The winners will be announced in the October issue. And following the announcement we will bring you frequent reports on the winners—together with portraits and informal pictures. In this way you will be able to follow the progress of those you have chosen.

THE END

DECORATORS ADVISE

NEW IDEAS for Kitchen Decoration!



New "ORCHARD'S PRIDE" Pattern on shelves

Royledge SHELVING

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Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1. If you like vivid, dramatic contrast, "wake up" a white (or cream) kitchen with splashes of color, using Royledge Shelving in merry reds, blues, etc.

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3. Keep kitchen "inviting" to friends and yourself by re-decorating shelves with Royledge monthly. Fresh patterns make kitchen look like new, cost less than a penny a day. So easy. Strong doubl-edge Royledge is shelf paper and edging all-in-one. See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

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Tablet or Powder

Take your choice. Both relieve headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. *Both* contain the same wonderful combination of fast-acting ingredients. *Two* tablets equal *one* powder. On sale everywhere. Use only as directed.



Rinse Hair Off Legs IN 5 MINUTES

. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Now – without risk of cutting, without razor-stubble – you can rinse hair off in normally *5 minutes* flat. New cream with *Lanolin* does the trick. Leaves skin smoother, sleeker. Keeps it free from hair a *longer* time by removing it *closer* to the follicle. Ask *today* for new Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters.



Sell Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 WITH NAME $1 FREE SAMPLES

Turn your spare hours into cash—call on friends and business people. Show these lovely new Personal Christmas cards with name-imprinted. Gorgeous designs sell fast at 50 for $1 and 25 for $1. Every sale pays you handsome profit. No experience needed.

Box Assortments Boost Earnings

Make extra money selling big-value $1 Christmas card assortments. Religious Christmas, Gift Wraps, Everyday cards, etc. QUICK CASH PLAN for churches, lodges. FREE SAMPLES of Personal cards. Write today!

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If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Fall dresses, *without paying a penny of cost?* That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, INC., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. *We need new representatives right away* to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you are married or single – housewife or employed – you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—*dresses that will not cost you a penny.* In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $23 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS – gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Don't think you need experience. Every dress carries the famous seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine, and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. When women see these *exclusive* styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Women can't resist the alluring new fashions created especially by Constance Bennett, glamorous movie star and "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett's name alone makes orders so easy, about all you have to do is write them down. What a pleasant way to take in steady cash earnings week after week! Can't you use a handy extra income – especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn't you like your own lovely dresses without cost? *Here's your chance.* Just mail the coupon below!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

So many women are taking this easy way to make money, there aren't too many openings left. So don't put it off. Get started earning extra money for the things you want. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America's finest fabrics—is *absolutely free.* Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a post card, and *mail it today!*

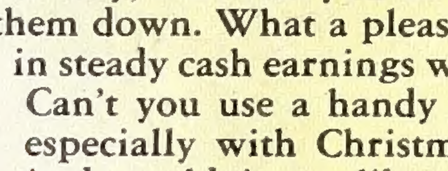
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. . . fascinating star of stage, screen, and radio. One of the world's ten best-dressed women. Designer for Fashion Frocks.

"My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost."

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE EXCEPTIONAL CASH EARNINGS LIKE THESE?

Marie Patton, Illinois—took in an average of $39 a week, this past year.

Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland—earned an average of $36 a week—and loved every minute of it!

Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama – averaged $31.50 a week right in her home community.

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COTTON CLASSICS FOR FUN AND FASHION!

Their Creator Dorothy Cox agrees: "In dress designing . . . and in choosing a cigarette, too . . . EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

DOROTHY COX, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress as tailored by McMullen!





• *Dorothy Cox makes this sun-seeking dress with shoulder kerchief. Notice how beach-comber plaid cotton becomes a formal fabric in this undecorated style!*



• *Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.*

"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

City or country, at work or at play — wherever you turn, you'll find more and more people smoking Camels. Why? Let your "T-Zone" tell you. (That's T for Taste and T for Throat.) Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See why, with smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "choice of experience."

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.



